### Venereae Drug

**by ChaimaWrite**

#### Summary

A new drug is in town which going to lead Oliver and Felicity to a particular relationship. BDSM! I definitively will try to write a dark but still funny story.

**RATING M, YOU'VE BEEN WARNED ! BETA : Tenyaaaah !**
Dark! It was dark! Everything that I could remember...has vanished... Just like if someone was wiping out my memories.

I try, I really try to open my eyes but I can't. I...I just want it stay like this, in this constant state of peace but someone is calling me. I can hear it, but I don't want to listen. You guys must be thinking that I'm a coward, but you don't know my story....
Waltz! I hate waltz. I can't stand this! I really have to leave this gala. I mean, come on, my feet hurts, I'm starving (those appetizers are awesome but they aren't satisfying), I'm lonely…I know no one. Well, actually it's a lie. I mean I obviously have to know someone because if it wasn't the case I wouldn’t be here, right? Actually this someone turns out to be four people! Diggle and Oliver are over there, but I can't talk to them. They are not funny. Really not, believe me! And there are Roy and Thea, the lovers who are not aware of Oliver's secret. I don't talk with them because I think I'll reveal Oliver's identity. Oh yes, I swear, I’m capable of doing so!

Jeez! It's damn hot here. Okay, let's escape to the balcony. Aaaaaaah! Fresh air is sooooo good… like when Oliver is touching my shoulder and keeps calling me…Oh and when he’s doing this thing with his...ah…you know what? Forget that! It's my brain, which doesn’t work correctly plus I'm half drunk, I can't control my mouth! I say a lot of stupid things when I'm drunk! I assure you! Plus, I don't even like Oliver! See, haha! And no I'm not lying, I know that I've been talking a lot about him since, well, since I started to talk, but I swear it means nothing! So like I said, being on the balcony feels so good.

I'm thirsty. Oh a waiter! And he only has champagne! I think the gods want me to be drunk tonight.

"Hello Miss...?"

"Smoak, Felicity Smoak."

"Hello, Miss Smoak! I'm Lex Luthor, a friend of Oliver’s!"

"Nice to meet you, Mr Luthor!"

"Nice to meet you too! Are you a friend of Oliver’s as well?"

"Yes we are close and I'm also his EA!"

"Oh okay, I see, you are his girlfriend!"

"What?! No!" Oh that was quick, Smoak! "No I'm not. He's just a really good friend but a horrible boss!"

"That was a quick answer! Are you sure?"

"Sure! I'm not Oliver Queen's girlfriend! Hahaha,” I laugh.

"So will you allow me to seduce you?"
"What?!...You... I...Seduce?! What? Wait! I ... Me... Seduce me as in seduce me? What?! Hum, could you, please, repeat your phrase? Thank you!"

"Miss Smoak, I’ve noticed you since I walked here! And I'm smart enough to ask you if I could seduce you while you are free and not with this playboy. If it's a problem to you, I beg your pardon!"

"No it's not a problem! It's just that I'm shocked! No one has ever done this to me! I mean, say openly that he wants me! You want me, ri-right? And I'm rambling again, please someone stop me cause I won't be able by myself! Last time that I tried, I just said something so embarrassing that I wanted to be buried alive! And by buried alive I mean th..."

"Felicity! There you are!"

"Thea!! Thank god you are stopping me."

"I've been sent by my brother! He is looking for you everywhere in the mansion!"

"Oh alright, where is he ?"

"He should be around the winter garden!"

"Thank you Thea! Oh, and please stop drinking! You are drunk!"

"Says the woman who is drunk and keeps herself drunk with $600 champagne!"

"Thanks Thea, I really appreciate it!"

"You're welcome, sweatheart!"

"Mister Luthor, I'm so...

"Please call me Lex!"

"Okay, Lex I'm sorry but I have to meet Oliver!"

"Could I walk you to him?"

"... Yeah!" Okay, this is weird!

We start walking to Oliver and Lex told me about his hometown, Smallville! It's a pleasant small town. Like in the movies. He gave me his business card and wrote on it his personal cellphone.

"I really hope to hear from you soon, Miss Smoak!"

"Me too." Seriously? That's all I came with!? My brain must be broken!

Oh god! It's beautiful. This winter garden came from heaven! All these roses, and all these beautiful, amazing flowers! No I'm not ignorant. I'm smart. Very smart. But let's face it, with flowers and girly stuff I'm...I'm... My MIT degree doesn’t include the study of flowers! Plus I'm drunk. No it's not an excuse, it's a statement! Oh. My. God. You will think that I have a crush on him but that is so not
true. Oliver is amazing in this black satin tuxedo!

"Stop staring, Felicity!" That was meant to be a thought. That was only meant to be a thought. Did I say that out loud?

"What?" Oh like you did not heard, sweet bastard.

"Nothing! So why did you call me?"

"Are you enjoying this party?"

"Well technically, this is a gala not a party. If it was a party, there would be a DJ not an orchestra, there would be booze, hot girls everywhere in very short short dresses, hot guys...like very very hot guys with whom I’d be able to have a proper seance of sex. And I’ve said too much... Why didn’t you stop me? It seems to be a good idea to apply right now cause if you don’t do it right know it will never stop and by it, I mean me sooo pleeease, Oliver, please me by stopping me! And that came out wrong as well... I said it in a very platonic way... I swe..."

"Felicity! Are you drunk?"

"Yes, and thank you!! No, I mean, thank you and yes!"

"You look amazing in this dress!"

"Thanks!" Not the time to be all girly, Smoak! "Hey Oliver, did you take something?"

"No, why?"

"Your pupils are dilat..."

"Your boobs look really tasty, can I?"

"What?" What the fuck just happened?

"Your boobs loo..."

"Stop your shit Oliver!"

"No I swear they are!"

"Okay, I have got to find Diggle!"

That's all folks :)
Chapter Three

What happened to Oliver?! I mean, has he been drugged by someone? Isn’t he supposed to be aware of his surroundings and that kind of stuff? Jeez! And where the hell is Diggle? I can't handle him all alone. He’s starting to become very touchy…not that I mind in other circumstances but this one is way out of line…Okay, time for a break! This mansion is like a labyrinth only composed by corridors and stairs to me. Come on Dig, where the hell are you? If I cannot find you in two minutes I call you with the handset no matter what you do!

"Felicity, I need to get my clothes off me, ‘cause I'm hot! Okay I might be infected with something. I admit it," Oliver says.

"Oliver hands off me! And yes you're hot!" No, no, no, no. "That. Came. Out. Wrong. I mean you have fever!" I rest my hand on him.

"Felicity that is not fair! You are allowed to touch me but I can't touch you?? I'm not okay with this! I want to touch you somewhere!"

"Here touch my hand!" Okay, no, I'm not taking advantage of this situation!

"What? No, babe, I want to touch your boobs!"

Okay Diggle, time out! I ‘m calling you! Need to press the handset, but the horny one right next to me isn’t letting me do anything...

"Fine touch my hip, I need to call someone!"

"Who?? Your boyfriend?" He violently grabs me by my shoulders and glues me to him to whisper something to me.

"Don't even think about having a boyfriend! YOU ARE MINE! Your body is mine! Understand?!"
"Yes! I mean, no! No! I was going to call Diggle, not any secret boyfriend! So don't try to scare me, Oliver Queen or I swear to god, I'll arrow you right to your heart! " Woah! Am I the one who said that??? Can't believe it! The thing he got contaminated by is very dangerous. He lets me go and I can finally call Diggle.

"Where are you?"

"Evening to you Felicity!"

"Diggle, I like you but I swear this is not the moment for jokes, really not the moment!"

"I'm near the entry, you?"

"We are near the kitchen! Oliver got contaminated by something and he's a little bit dangerous!"

"Get him in his room!"

"I don't know where that is!"

"Right, on my way to you, don't move!"

"Okay, please come quickly! I won't be able to handle him any longer! "

I won't lie to you guys, having his hand on my hips makes me feel things that I shouldn't. Oh god, it feels so good that it hurts.

"Tell me if I'm bothering you!"

Do not look at me like this, John Diggle! If you were a woman you'll know how tempting it is to touch Oliver.
"No, take him! I'll clear the way to his room!"

"Come on, buddy! Let's take you to your room."

"You know Diggle, it's not against you or anything…but your boobs are not tasty!"

"Felicity! You didn't tell me that he was all dirty talking..."

"Really? I thought I did! Where do we turn?"

"Left then fourth door on the right!"

"Thanks! Oliver, please behave yourself! Put that shirt on. Someone might see you." And please, if you don't want me to jump on you, put that shirt on!

"Babe, I like your ass!"

"Oliver for god’s sake, shut up! Once we’re in your room, you will be able to say all the thoughts that you want, but please in the meantime, shut up"

"Man, what did you take?" Diggle asks.

"Nothing, someone put something in my drink."

"Oliver, don't you have your herbal tea/potion?" I suddenly had a thought.

"Oh babe, I love your brain!"

"Yeah, Diggle, look for his stuff while I try to calm down... Please! I'm a little fuzzy with all these
drinks and the rush of adrenaline. I'll be here, in this very comfy armchair!"

"You and Oliver..."

".... What?"

"Go back to the bed, talking to Felicity, little horny! You know Felicity, you should use the spare room behind this door! You need to rest!" he says while pointing to the door, which is right next to a big picture of Oliver and Laurel... Always the same story...

"Thanks big brother!"

"Don't stare at this picture, it's in the past and you really need to rest Felicity."

"Alright, alright, I'll go rest! Take care of him and if you have any tiny problems, just wake me up, okay!?"

Okay, I admit it. I totally have a thing for Oliver... And believe me, every woman on this Earth will be like me... Change of subject, this room is so cool! Look at the bed. It is twice the size of mine. And Sweet God, the mattress is damn perfect. Like it was created for me. There are two computers, a TV and all the tech stuff that a billionaire can afford. The fabrics are amazing! Okay, I am so tired that I'll finish the discovery of this giant room tomorrow. Problem, I have nothing to wear and I won't stay in this dress, I need to breathe now. Maybe this wardrobe hides something.

T-shirts, shirts, ties (great ties by the way. I love ties! So sensual and sexual), pants... jeans. That's all I found, only men's clothes... I'll take a shirt to sleep in! No one will see me. Tomorrow's a big day...

Hot! Hum, the sun feels good. I'm lain on a perfect mattress, you know the ones that whatever you wear, whatever your state is, until you lay down on this great mattress. I just had the best sleep in my life! Okay, time to wake up, time to open your eyes. Beautiful! Beautiful and headache! Huge headache. The first thing I notice is the balcony. I may have a thing or two for balconies. I want, one day, to have wild sex on the balcony. It's naughty but since I caught a couple of freshman at MIT, I
wanted to do it. It's a secret fantasy that I never talk about. Whatever, looking to my right, I see a long cupboard which is open. I'm very curious, very curious!

I try to stand up but something is holding me down. What is it? Oh God, what is he doing here? What Oliver is doing in bed with me?!!!!!
Chapter four

Chapter Four

Felicity’s POV

For god’s sake! He weighs a ton! I can’t believe that he couldn’t keep his hands off my “tasty boobs”! His words, not mine! Anyway, I really need to get out of this bed. It’s a new day and even if I have a tiny hangover, I’ll enjoy the day! But how? How can I get out of this bed without waking him up? You guys must be thinking: “Oh god, that’s not that difficult, sneak out carefully and it’s done!!!”. Well yeah, but when you have some kind of Superman, without all the super powers (except for the senses), in bed with you, you just can’t sneak out carefully without him noticing every damn move you make…But you know what, I don’t care if he’s sleeping like Sleeping Beauty. He has nothing to do while I’m here at least! Drugged or not! Sorry, Oliver!

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General POV

Felicity throws Oliver across the bed. She is tired with a small hangover. And on top of that, her curiosity has been tickled.

“WHAT THE FUCK?” Oliver says wildly.

Felicity frowns, “What are you doing in bed with me? What happened when I left you and Diggle? And where’s Diggle?”

“Felicity, we only shared a bed together and I don’t have a clue as to what happened yesterday neither where Diggle is,” says a barely awake Oliver.

“Oh… Yes, you’re right!” she answers shyly. “How are you? Any headache?”

“Except the fact that I was violently awoken, I think I’m fine!” he says while getting out of bed. “Felicity, why did you take this…room?”

“Uh, it’s just that, hum, Diggle told me to take this one. Why? Does it bother you? I’m sorry…I shouldn’t have listened to him, I’m really sorry!”

“Is that my…shirt?” his throat is suddenly dry.

“Hum, yes! What’s with all these questions Oliver?”

“Which wardrobe?” he asks quickly.

“Why?” she is curious.

“Felicity, please answer my question!”

“Why should I answer your questions since you never answer mine?” she says while she gets out of
the bed.

“Look, I’m sorry! Rough night! You go shower, and I’ll go see where Diggle is.”

“She starts moving in the room, getting her stuff together but she doesn’t notice Oliver watching her with that dose of lust that no human being can resist. He was very close to jumping on her. She was in this room not somewhere else. This one. Wearing his very short shirt, with her messed hair. Oliver thanks every god that she hasn’t discovered what was in the cupboard, because if she had, he would be done. Even if Felicity does not see or even think of herself as an attractive, sexy woman…she definitely is one for Oliver: the hard-on proves it. He needs to get out if here quickly!

Felicity’s POV

He acts weirdly. What happened to him through the night? Did he have a nightmare? With a drug combination, I heard that it could bring damage in the long-term, but in the short one, only violence. I don’t say that like I don’t mind or anything, it’s just that it’s a part of our lives that we live constantly: violence and danger. Do you guys remember the first meeting with Isabel Rochev? See!

Ahh! Hot water! That. Feels. Really. Good! But I don’t have time for this. New case on the desk for us, so time to speed up! There’s a tiny, tiny but very important problem right now… I don’t have clothes, I mean, yes I do, but those are dirty, and it’s a dress or a shirt… I hadn’t planned to spend the night here. Fuck!

“Oliver?…O-Oliver?…Diggle ?” For god’s sake where did they go!? I need them! And for sure, luck is always with me, the towel is really smart. “Guys, where are you?”

Do I really have to go out of this room dressed like this? I could borrow Oliver’s clothes… Yes, let’s do that! You’re a big girl, Smoak! Which one should I pick? The blue or the black shirt? Oh! The cupboard! I totally forgot about it. I’ll pick the black one, more subtle. So, the cupboard, it’s between you and…is it lace?

“Felicity!”

“AH! Don’t you knock?” my heart began racing like a Ferrari!

“Felicity, we are in my spare room, which is in my house…” he says with a fixed look on the cupboard.

“And??? I’ve could be naked!” Worse excuse I could come with!

“Anyway, now that you’ve finished, I came to tell you that breakfast is served in the kitchen and that Diggle is already there waiting for us.”

“Oh, wait! Do you have trousers that I could borrow?”

“You know, I could ask Thea. She would be glad to dress you! The fashion vibe of the family, she says.”

“Oh no, it’s fine, it’s just for the time being, until we go to Verdant, I have yoga pants there…”

“So take this,” he gave me a pair of jeans. These clothes are too big for me.
No time to discuss, I’m hungry, but we don’t have time as usual. I take a cup of dark coffee and two pain au chocolat. I love pain au chocolat. While Diggle drives us to the basement, I feel Oliver looking at me very oddly. I really want to know what was in the cupboard. He has stopped me once, but I swear I will find out what’s inside! Finally we arrive and I quickly go to the bathroom to change. I don’t usually go to this place, I feel weird here! Time to go to my babies, and try to analyze Oliver’s blood sample. But for that, I need a blood sample…which means I have to do a collection, and to take a sample, there must be a needle…Oh shit, I hate needles!

“O-o-Oliver!” Gosh, calm down, no need to stutter…

“Yes, Felicity?”

“Could you come here please? I need to collect your blood! For analysis…” This needle is too big. It will pierce him!

“Yes, hum, are you ok? You seem a little bit pale.”

Oh, you noticed, fuck!

“No, I-I’m fine! Just tired, I guess so.” Liar! “So, hum, are-are you ready?”

“Yes! You can do it.”

“You know, I kinda have a search to do, I’ll call Diggle for the blood sample, he’s around here somewhere…” For god’s sake, why can’t I do a fucking blood collection!? I’m so pissed!

“Come on, Felicity, we are not going to call Diggle for this, I’ll do it! But you have to tell me why you can’t do it!”

“Oliver Queen, man of few words, but definitely wise! Hum, I’m – don’t laugh okay! – I’m afraid of… of… needles…” Open your eyes! “I know this is ridiculous, I mean, I went undercover in a mob casino, jumped out of a plane, though I made sure I was safe once I jumped out, faced The Count, and hum The Undertaking, so why should I be afraid of a fucking needle! Did I mention The Undertaking? According to your face, yes, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have brought up sad memories, and I’m babbling, please Oliver stop me, don’t let me babble because you know that I could say a lot of things that might not be platonic at all. Don’t look at me like that, Queen! Why are you laughing? Why are y…”

“It’s fine Felicity, and I don’t try to stop your rumblings because, it so happens that I like it.” Not the time to turn bright like a red tomato…. For that, I’ll hit you!

“AAAAH! Are you made of steel or what??” My hand hurts so much, I may have a strain.

“You need to train, you don’t really have strength”

“That’s not helping, Oliver!”

“Hahahaha.” Listening him laughing is so rare, I like the sound of his laugh. I think I’m staring. Yes I’m staring, that will stop in …“3…2…1… now.”

“Sorry?”

“No! That’s not what happened, I did not speak out loud.”

“Yes, you did, you actually did a countdown from three to one and said ‘now’.”
Oh, My. God!

“Oliver Queen, are you making fun of me?” I can’t believe it! He’s really handsome like this…focus Felicity!

“Yes!”

“I like that! I mean, I like it when you let the mask fall and let me see a bit of the real you.”

Don’t do that face, not that smile or that look…I’m falling…

**Oliver’s POV**

“I like that! I mean, I like it when you let the mask fall and let me see a bit of the real you,” she says with her innocent look.

If only she knew the darkness in me, if only she had looked in that cupboard, she would know…

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**A/N:**

First of all, THANK YOU! THANK YOU VERY MUCH TO EVERYONE! A big thank you to my beta tenyaaaaah. You do a really good job because correcting a French person who’s trying to write a little story in English is not that simple. Hum, to the reviewer and the follower, thank You! It makes me happy to know that people enjoy my ideas. A hint for the next chapters: this story is way more complicated than it seems and less fluffy after a few chapters. Remember, we are only at 5 months ago ;) it will get darker and darker, but still with humor. And also remember that the rating is M. It won’t be for nothing!!!!

To _Gothic Fairy Girl_: I hope you still want to read it. Even your tiny review totally pleased me :) I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

To _Madlenita_: thank you, I appreciate your review. I’m glad that it was funny. I kinda had doubts about that point in my chapters. I hope you liked this chapter! It’s a little bit more serious but still funny, I hope :) Don’t apologize for your English, it’s not my mother tongue too hahaha :) I just have an amazing beta!

Bisous, bisous, folks!
“Guys, you better be out in 2 minutes or you’re dead! Got it?”

Warning them is useless, but I need to do it! It calms me down!

“I’m out!” Diggle calls.

It’s over for Digg, he’s safe but still no news from Oliver! Stop freaking out, Felicity! Stop, stop!!! I should try to contact hi…

“It’s over for tonight, we can call it a night.”

Aaaaaaah! Need air! I hate when he does that! For god’s sake, he’s a… an… an ….. Aaaaaah I can’t even find a proper adjective!

“God, Oliver! Don’t do that! You know that if the communication is interrupted, you should at least activate the fucking tracker that you had me implant under your flesh!”

“Felicity, I’m-we’re fine!”

“Oh I know that Digg is okay, I don’t worry for him! I mean, yes, I do worry but he’s not taking risks like you do! Anyway, you guys better come back here quickly. Oliver, your mother is looking for you upstairs, both of you!”

“What? She’s at the club?”

“Yes, talking to a very charming man and I think she’s pretty mad! She has been waiting for 15 minutes. Did you forget something important? Like a dinner, a gala or anything else that you guys think it’s normal to do?”

“Excuse me?”

“No, nope, nothing! End of communication!”

Pfff! What time is it? 8.50pm. 8.50 pm! Faster Smoak! Turn the computer on, go on epctv and watch True Blood! Oh yes, I’m almost there … 5 minutes left …. Come on! Popcorn! Damn the popcorn and the wine! Damn! Got you, now open yourself, why don’t things you want open easier? Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyy? Now, what does it say? Microwave for 2.30 minutes. Okay, done! The wine… I have to go upstairs… God, all of you, whatever your names are, please don’t let The Ice Queen see me! 2 minutes left … come on, you can do it!!

“Hey, Joshua! The bottle, please.”

“True Blood on, huh? Done!”

“Thanks!”
30 seconds left …. Run, run like you’ve never run before!

“Now on HBO, season premiere of True Blood.”

Damn the popcorn! Okay, now shoes off and silence!

The door opens wildly, letting them enter. Kissing, kissing harder and harder. Touching each other’s bodies, as if they were going to die, which is totally ironic because Eric is a vampire.

He cups her face and says, “You’re the most beautiful thing I have ever seen!” His hand is now touching her breast.

“Yes only because you can’t remember anything else” she says, laughing, but looking for his mouth.

He grabs her firmly, making her want more. She takes the sweater off of him, revealing his beautiful abs for her see. She begins to touch them when she feels something hard behind her. The couch, yes! He is hard, harder than ever. He undresses her, letting matching white underwear out for him to see. He wants her now, on this couch, harder than ever. Even if the nasty, dirty sex time they had in the forest could be enough to a human, he is a vampire! A 1000 year old vampire! Sex is his thing, even if he doesn’t have memories of his past life, being with Sookie makes him feel the need of having sex with her. Laying her down on the couch, he keeps on touching her, kissing her. He kisses her mouth, her neck, her shoulder, and her breasts. He stays a moment on her beast, trying to give her a lot of pleasure with his mouth but then he keeps going down, to her stomach, and then to her clit. And while he is going down, he grabs her white pants with him. She is totally naked and he loves that.

“Make me … love!”

“Hum…hum…”

I jump in shock. “OH! Damn! You’re supposed to be with your mother upstairs, not spying on me!” my heart is totally racing… no one knows about my addiction to True Blood. Well, he doesn’t know that I’m addicted but he definitely knows that I’m watching it! Why wasn’t he surprised to find out I was watching Doctor Who?

“Yes but I can’t go dressed like this, Digg is with her. What is this show?”

“Okay, it’s called True Blood, and it’s an adaptation of the series’ novels. It’s quite hot. Basically, it’s Blood, Sex, Blood, Alcohol, Sex, Sex, Blood etc… now go change.”

Is it me or is it damn hot here? God, he probably watched it from the beginning with me… What I like in True Blood, it’s the fact that nothing is shameless! I mean it’s wild, everything is wild. The feelings are deep, not shallow. If one of the characters is in love, well he or she is deeply in love with all the pain that love can bring to you. I wouldn’t mind that one day, if it happens to me. I mean come on, who has never thought of a deep love, too deep that it actually hurts more than it makes you happy? But even if it hurts, you stay, you stay as long until the person doesn’t want you anymore. And the sex! God! The sex will be incredible, unbelievable. I think that if I die after a moment like that, I wouldn’t mind at all because I will know the real meaning of pleasure.

I know what pleasure is! Like, everyone but no one knows this secret… No one! I wouldn’t mind at all a real hot hook up with someone that I will be able to feel complete without lying about my night
activities. Oh no! I know, I do know what you guys are thinking but it's no! You guys couldn't be more wrong now. I don't want to have a wild hook up with him! I mean yes, but no, that would be painful as hell. It would be ... *Perfect*! But no!

*No!* Flashbacks are running back to me, those dreams are supposed to be forgotten. The usual warmth that comes with them are here. Between my thighs. I can barely move without having my shorts rubbing against me and that feels good. Really good! God. I. Really. Have. To. Go. To. The. Ladies.... Now!

Where is he? Oh God! I really have to evacuate this... I really hope that Oliver is not in the bathroom.

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**General POV**

Felicity runs to the bathroom, she is lucky, Oliver has already left. She verifies that no one is there, for sure no one will be there but who knows. She locks herself up and sits on the furniture, her back against the mirror. The coldness of the mirror gives her chills. She starts by touching her neck, letting her hands wander to their rhythm then moves them down to her chest. She cups her breast her both hands. The feelings she gets from that move makes her arch, even though no one was there to complete her. She let go of one of her breasts to suck her fingers. The heat is here. She wants it out. But no one is here to help her, she has to do it alone. She passes one of her hands under her tight black skirt then remounts. She stroked her stomach, then moved down to her wet pussy. She pinches it, sometimes gently rubbing violently. She felt her pleasure coming and coming but without coming out. She decides to introduce one finger, she feels the waves of pleasure coming harder and faster, and she starts to move her finger. Simulating the moves of a cock, which turns out to be unsatisfying. She introduces a second finger. She feels a little bit more complete but not as much she wanted. She moves them increasingly fast. She feels the melt of heat, pleasure and euphoria deep down below her stomach.

"Aahhhhh... Oliver!"

She collapses on the furniture, letting the heat wrap her. Touching herself was not really usual, but sometimes, when those hot dreams about Oliver and her were too hot or coming back to her, she had to do it. It’s not weird but she feels shameless every time she does it.
Chapter six

General POV:

“What are you doing here?” he says looking right into her eyes.

“Oliver… Darling…” she says trying to appease the tension she felt between her and her son.

“Stop! You lost the right to call me that when you lied to Thea, lied to me and threatened Felicity. I don’t want to see you here anymore. This place is off limits for you.”

“ Seriously Oliver, you are going to take Felicity’s side just because you fuck her?! She’s not enough for you. Just a second-hand blonde secretary that could be found anywhere.”

“There is nothing, do you hear, nothing between Felicity and I! And she’s the best woman I’ve ever met. She’s smart, brave, kind and she’s probably the only female who does not try to babysit me. She’s a great friend and I won’t let you ruin that. Now go, please go back to home.” He leaves her near the bar.

“Oliver! Come back here. We are not finished!”

“Yes, we are Moira!”

He leaves the club, pretending to go back to his car but turns to his right to access the secret entry to the ‘Arrow Cave’. But before he goes in, he takes his phone out and calls Diggle.

“Diggle, are you in the club?”

“Yes, where are you?”

“Going to train but don’t come! Take the night off! We had a rough night!”

“Are you sure, man?”

“Yes, see you tomorrow!”

“Bye.”

He taps the code in and opens the door. Something in his mind is telling him to avoid the place but at the same time, the thought of seeing Felicity overpowers him. When he was talking to his mother, he was lying. He had feelings for her, probably not romantic feelings, but definitely sexual feelings.

Sometimes, when he’s not having nightmares, he’s having sexual dreams about her. They always start the same way. He finds her in front of the bed in the playing room. She only wears green lingerie with a corset, a black long leather trench and black high heels. She takes off the trench, letting it fall on the ground. She waits for his orders. He usually tells her to get on the bed and kneel in front of him. He likes this view of Felicity. Dominated. Then, when everything starts to get hot, he usually wakes up all sweaty and with a big hard-on. He usually finishes himself, under the shower where no one can hear him. But, since the gala night, when he got drugged, those dreams are
becoming hotter. And he finds he is daydreaming about her, which has never happened before. He only sees two options: 1- It’s because he got drugged. 2- It’s because he deeply needed her.

When he arrives in the middle of the lair, he notices that Felicity is not there, but her True Blood thing is still on the screen. That means she’s not too far away.

Oliver’s POV:
Moans! Am I dreaming? No, I’m not. Is that from Felicity? She’s the only person here. God, make that sound STOP! They’re coming from the bathroom.

“……Aahhhhh Oliver!”

It’s Felicity. She’s touching herself while she’s thinking of me. Stay under control, Oliver. Don’t you even dare to cross that line!

General POV:
Oliver will never be able to forget that moment. She orgasms saying his name. He feels all of his forbidden fantasies rushing up through his mind. Especially the one with the salmon ladder where he ties her and fucks her as much as he wanted to.

Suddenly, he hears her coming back to the door. He runs to the stairs. When he sees her coming out of the bathroom, he acts like he just arrived.

“Oliver, are you okay…?” she sounds a bit surprised.

“Yes.” He tries to be normal but obviously she wasn’t done with him.

“And don’t say yes like it was obvious because you seems a bit …tense”

“I’m – It’s my mother, still trying to beg for my forgiveness.”

“I’m sorry, it’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have told you. I mean yes, you had to know it, but not from me. We aren’t even relatives. I’m just your employee, and also your partner, but more your employee. I mean you’re the one who gives me my salary every month…”

He stops her by putting his hand over her shoulder. He likes to do that, it’s the only way he can touch her that is publicly acceptable while privately expressing his desire for her. Especially now, knowing what she had done a few minutes ago.

“You are my partner…” he says in a growl.

To her, that meant only in the first sense but to him… A whole new definition of the word is coming to his mind. He decides that she has to become his new partner. For his sanity, it was for the best.

“Thank you.”
He smiles at her.

“Now tell me what you got from my blood sample.”

“Okay, this is just crazy! I mean, the stuff used for the creation of this drug is common like ginger, or much to my surprise, chocolate. Which makes it hard to track back to the source then to the creator. Thank god we have your ‘magic herbs’. The more I think of the reaction you got from the drug and the ingredients, the more I think that it’s an aphrodisiac drug…don’t look at me like that. It’s totally possible. I mean do you remember what you said about my chest? Or do you need me to freshen up your memories…?”

“No, it’s fine,” he says, biting his tongue.

“Fine, so how do we stop it?”

“Check all the hospitals’ files from the past week, the police files too.”

“Already did that and nothing popped up, sorry.” She pushes her glasses up on her nose.

“Then we need to wait until it reappears on the streets or galas. You should go, I’m just going to train.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, see you tomorrow at QC.”

“Fine, see you tomorrow,” she says while she grabs her bag.

She climbs the stairs, heading to her car. She drives her hand into her bag, looking for her keys but she couldn’t find them. She walks back to the lair but stops just before the stairs, hearing Oliver’s voice. He is talking with someone.

“No, we did it once and that was a mistake. You should go back to your place, Sara…”

So, he’s talking to Sara. She doesn’t know if she should interrupt them right now or just listen but she chooses to listen.

“Why Ollie? Don’t you want me? I wasn’t submissive enough, obedient to you? Maybe you want me to dress like Felicity? What? Don’t look at me like this. You know that I’m right. You want her.” She says while trailing her hand up his leg.

“Sara, please…go.”

“Master, please, fuck me…” she whispers into his ear. Unfortunately for Felicity, she wasn’t able to hear what was being said. But she could easily guess from Oliver’s answer.

“Playing room in one hour, wear the pencil skirt and the pink blouse. Don’t forget the ponytail!”

That is when it got too much to Felicity. She has to get her keys and go. She runs down the stairs making as much noise as possible to let them know that she’s there. She acts very surprised when she sees Sara.

“Hey, Sara! How are you?” she says without looking at her. She grabs her keys.

“Fine and you?”
“Fine, thanks. Just forget my keys. I’m silly. It usually happens to me. I should leave them in my bag after I lock my car but no, I, apparently, love to keep them in my hands. I’m babbling again, huh? Someone should put a foot in my mouth. I’m not talking about a real foot, which would be disgusting, yuuuuk! Talking about disgusting, Oliver, did you notice all the condoms in front of the secret entry…. God people love to bang out there … and I’m going right now because this rambling is getting weird. Bye!”

She runs to the stairs, climbing them four at a time trying to leave this place as fast as she could.

“Wow that was big one!” Sara says, as she begins to follow Felicity out. She looks at Oliver, “See you in one hour.”

One hour passes. He is in the playing room, looking at Sara. She is naked, on her knees, with her legs wildly open. Her head is down, waiting for him to give her orders. Oliver turns to the cupboard. He opens the first slider, where all the handcuffs and the ropes are set. He chooses the black large leather handcuffs for her wrists and leather ropes for her ankles…

_A/N: That was a really hard chapter to write. Did you guys like it?_
Chapter seven

Chapter 7

General POV

Oliver wakes up naked, the sheets barely covering him. Sara is lying next to him. Few flashbacks of the night run back to his mind, making his morning hard-on harder. He gets out of the bed. This bed. The bed where Felicity had slept that night. He was disturbed and also glad that she didn’t find out his secret because she had looked in the wardrobe, where he kept his playing clothes and she didn’t even notice…

Oliver’s POV

Felicity…her lips…those lips…her shoulders…I would love to bite them…her legs…her very long legs…her ass…her muscular ass…her chest… Damn, her chest… I can’t even think properly when she’s not here so how will I later? Because I can’t spend an hour without her. We are always together, at Queen Consolidated, in the lair, Verdant, when I’m on mission. She is with me, in my head…

Sara … this thing, this sex has to stop. Damn.

What if Felicity heard us the other night? Sara was talking quite loud. She’ll leave me… It can’t be … I need her … I want her.

“Stop your shit, Oliver.”

General POV

He enters under the shower, still thinking about Felicity. He finishes himself, thinking about her in the *First Position.*

Talking about Felicity, she wakes up early this morning. It is not quite her fault. She had spent the 3 hours that she actually spent sleeping dreaming about Oliver shagging Sara with her clothes and she was watching them, completely immobilized. Like if she was glued to the chair. When she awoke from this dream, the first thing she noticed was the cold temperature in her room but instead of being all shaken up, she was all sweaty…and damn wet.

Felicity’s POV

He… She… Did they really…? I mean, am I that *inspiring*? Oh dear lord, that dream. It was freaking … *awesome*… but still freaking… I could see everything and by everything I mean all the moments, the visions of him *penetrating her*…and…I… I liked it, I mean I enjoyed watching them. I need a cold shower, a very cold one.
General POV

It is 9 o’clock when Oliver arrives at Queen Consolidated. He says hello to Martin and Greg, people from the front door checking team, then walks to the lifts, waits and enters one, pressing the 18th floor button at the same time. When the doors open, he is quite surprised. A man is sitting in front of her, laughing and drinking coffee. Oliver advances a little closer to Felicity’s desk, waiting to be noticed, but that isn’t the case. She is fully in this conversation and he doesn’t appreciate that.

“Hum…Hum…” He says in order to get Felicity’s attention.

“Oh Ol- Mister Queen, I’m sorry!” she says blushing and cleaning her desk, which is really clean.

“No, it’s fine Miss Smoak, who’s your friend?” he says with a lot of control because seeing her blushing just reminds him the night that he just spent.

“He – he’s …hum…an… a … an … hum…” she says searching for something to say.

“Geeky, come on you can tell him….” The man adds with a smile.

“Yes. Right. Hum … Oliver Queen, meet John Devreaux, my ex-fiancé. John Devreaux meet my… hum …. Oliver Queen, my boss!”

“Oh… right, nice to meet you,” says Oliver with his eyes full of anger. He offers his hand to John Devreaux.

“Me too, Mister Queen!” he adds, grabbing Oliver’s hand and shaking it.

“Miss Smoak, cancel my day. I have really important things to do,” he says while walking back to the elevator.

When the doors open, he finds Diggle watching him.

“What?” says Oliver.

“Man, I don’t know how you are and I don’t want to know but you seem…tense.”

“No, I’m fine. Just an empty day at work. So I’m going to spend it in the lair,” he says, clenching his fists.

Meanwhile, in the EA’s office.

“That guy was a little bit creepy…don’t you think?”

“Hm…” she says, too absorbed by the dream she had had about him.

“Do you have something going with him? Because he brought you coffee.”

“Yes, he usually does that. I mean bringing me coffee!”
“Okay, you know, Geeky, you can tell me if something is going on in your mind, right? We are close, I mean we almost got married…” he says, laughing at the last part.

“Yes. No. I mean yes, I know and no, there’s nothing going on in my mind.”

“Come on Felicity, talk to me…”

“It’s just, okay, promise you won’t tell anyone about it?” she holds out her smallest finger. He hooks it with his.

“Fine, I was just surprised because I heard this conversation about me, if I can say… and on top of that, I had this weird, but pleasant dream…”

“Which was about him, right?”

“Yes, and someone else…” she confesses.

“Felicity! I didn’t know you liked that,” he says faking his state of shock.

“John, it’s not funny. My sanity could be at stake.”

“Sorry.”

“The other person says to Oliver: ‘I could dress like Felicity… I know you want her’. Oh and this is the part that totally freaks me out: ‘wasn’t I submissive enough, obedient to you?’ I’m kind afraid of what they did to each other…thinking about me…”

“Wow. Felicity, are you sure of what you’re saying?”

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“God, sweetheart, do you love him?”

“No, haha, I don’t love him. I like him, a lot, but I don’t love him, John,” she pauses to clear her throat. “So tell me what’s on your mind.”

“Er… no! I’m not the one who should tell that… it’s quite huge. I mean it will be. For you. I just hope that you won’t change if you accept…” he says while he stands and begins to walk to the lift. “Bye, Geeky, and please be careful.”

“What? What do you mean? Please come back! Explain to me? I don’t understand… John!”

But it is too late, he is already inside the lift.

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At the Lair

“You should slow down, Oliver,” Diggle says. “Or you’ll end up breaking something.”

“How could she? Damn it! A fucking French! Fuck,” he says, not even paying attention to Diggle and hitting the training dummy twice as hard.

“Oliver, what are you talking about?” asks Diggle, who doesn’t understand the meaning behind
Oliver’s anger.

“There’s just some thoughts that I had in mind.”

“Let’s just have lunch, okay?” Diggle offers as a break

“Fine, I’ll go to the shower first,” says Oliver.

“Be my guest…”

Oliver looks at him with a face that says, “It’s not the moment or I’ll kick your damn ass, okay?” but doesn’t say a word. Diggle is amused with Oliver’s behavior.

40 minutes later at Big Belly Burger

“So how are things going on with Lyla? I mean since Russia,” Oliver asks nicely, finally acting like the friend he should be.

“Thanks for asking. Well, the reunion was warm,” Diggle replies, laughing. “But now, we are like a normal couple. Except for a few things.”

“I’m happy that the two of you are getting serious and that you are enjoying it! Have you asked her to move in?”

“No, I would like to but I’m afraid that it might be too soon in our new relationship…”

“Man, you’ve been married to her and on top of that, you traveled round the whole world, broke into a Russian prison, didn’t kill Deadshot just for her… I think that you can ask her to move in. I don’t think she’ll say no.”

“You might…”

Diggle phone rings. He takes it from his jacket and answers.

“Yes, I know…”

“John Diggle, where are you? I’ve been waiting for 20 minutes in front of Big Belly Burger!” says a quite angry and hungry Felicity.

“Don’t bankrupt me okay? I’m inside with…”

“What? You could have texted me at least…I hate you John Diggle!” and she hangs up.

When Felicity enters the restaurant, she is quite determined to kill Diggle. She walks to their usual table, the one with more privacy. She can see him, sitting and eating his French fries. But when she arrives in front of Diggle, she sees Oliver. She freezes. The memories of what she had heard last night runs back to her mind. She just waves to him, gives her bag to John, goes to order at the counter and returns to sit next to Diggle.
Felicity’s POV

I can’t look at him. Damn it, Oliver! Couldn’t you have used someone else as inspiration…? I have the whole scene back in my mind but I don’t want it.

“Why Ollie? Don’t you want me? I wasn’t submissive enough, obedient to you?”

Finally, my burger is here. It will occupy my mind and my mouth, in case of…

“Maybe you want me to dress like Felicity? What? Don’t look at me like this. You know that I’m right. You want her.”

FUCK! NO not fuck! Damn it! I can’t even eat. I’m going to die by the end of lunchtime… I push my burger away.

“Felicity!” says Oliver with his loud voice.

“WHAT! I mean what?”

Goddamn it!!!! You put the fear of God into me! I really won’t survive until the end of this lunch.

“Are you okay? You haven’t said anything since you arrived…”

Oh now you are worried. If you were worried yesterday night, all of this wouldn’t happen! Look at his eyes, Felicity!

“Y-yes!” Crap! I’m not even able to look at him. I have to go.

“Feli…”

Don’t dare Felicity me!

“I’ve – I have to go.” Super idea, Felicity. Look at him, goddamn it! “By the way, you have a meeting with Walter at 4pm. Be there!”

That was the worst moment of my life by so far! I have all of these images that popped up in my mind … I hate it. I just can’t stop imagining what happened between them and my dream… it’s turning me on.

I’m near QC, Oliver has a private bathroom that I could use… I’m really crazy. He drives me crazy.

General POV

Felicity masturbates once more but this time not in the lair but in Oliver’s private bathroom at Queen Consolidated. But once she finishes, she can’t manage to put her hand on her underwear.

Meanwhile, Oliver had followed her, saying to Diggle to take his time. He had said that he wanted to talk to her. Once he arrives at his floor, he sees her bag had been thrown to her desk, as if she was in a rush. He turns his head left and notices that the bathroom is locked, which is not normal. The front door is never locked. He unlocks the front door with Felicity inside, still without underwear under her very tight orange skirt.

When he opens the door, he sees her on her knees, looking under the little table and he begins to feel
his control skills leaving him but when he spots a lacy white thong on the floor, his mind totally shuts down. He feels the beginning of his hard-on. He takes the piece of lace between his thumb and finger and makes a little noise that allows Felicity to know that someone is in the room with her.

“Where is it? Oh no, no! God that can't happen to me!!! Where is my thong?” Felicity panics. She is scared that someone may discover her.

“Were you looking for this?” Oliver growls.

“...Yes.” She shuts her eyes, blushing.

When she tries to take it from him, he puts the underwear into his pocket with a smile.

“No, that thing stays with me, love.” Oliver says.

“Wh-what?”

“I have to go, see you later...” he says before cupping her face for a moment then leaving.

**Felicity’s POV**

WHAT HAPPENED? I... I... REALLY! I have to know. I have to discover your secret. C’mon, faster. My hands are shaking. I can’t type. BREATHE! Google! What to search... so many things. “I wasn’t submissive enough, obedient to you?” Right! Let’s try submissive + obedient + sex.

OH MY GOD! No, that can’t be... I need more information. Wikipedia? That will be enough for this...

‘BDSM is a variety of erotic practices involving dominance and submission, role-playing, restraint, and other interpersonal dynamics. Given the wide range of practices, some of which may be engaged in by people who do not consider themselves as practicing BDSM, inclusion in the BDSM community and/or subculture is usually dependent on self-identification and shared experience. Interest in BDSM can range from one-time experimentation to a lifestyle, and there is debate over whether a BDSM or kink sexual identity also constitutes a form of sexual orientation.’

He wants me... He wants me in that way...

* BDSM actions can often take place during a specific period of time agreed to by both parties,
referred to as "play", "a scene" or "a session". Participants usually derive pleasure from this, even though many of the practices—such as inflicting pain or humiliation or being restrained—would be unpleasant under other circumstances. Explicit sexual activity, such as sexual penetration, may occur within a session, but is not essential. Such explicit sexual interaction is seen only rarely in public play spaces, and it is sometimes specifically banned by the rules of a party or playspace. Whether it is a public "playspace" - ranging from a party at an established community dungeon to a hosted play "zone" at a nightclub or social event - the parameters of allowance can vary. Some restrict a policy of panties/nipple tape for females (underwear for men) and some allow full nudity with explicit sexual interaction allowed.

He wants me as a partner…

*Safewords are, by definition, not commonly used words during any kind of play. Words such as no, stop, and don't, are often not appropriate as a safeword if the roleplaying aspect includes the illusion of non-consent. A safeword is a word or phrase, usually something both parties can remember and recognize and not a word that might be used playfully during a scene (such as stop or don't), that is called out when things are either not going as planned or have crossed a threshold one cannot handle. The most commonly used safewords are red and yellow, with red meaning that play must stop immediately, and "yellow" meaning that the activity needs to slow down. At most clubs and group-organized BDSM parties and events, Dungeon monitors (DMs) provide an additional safety net for the people playing there, ensuring that house rules are followed and safewords respected.

BDSM participants ideally are expected to understand practical safety aspects. For instance, they are expected to recognize that parts of the body can be damaged, such as nerves and blood vessels by contusion, or that skin that can be scarred. Using crops, whips, or floggers, the top's fine motor skills and anatomical knowledge can make the difference between a satisfying session for the bottom and a highly unpleasant experience that may even entail severe physical harm.

John, he knew it …

* Dominance and submission" (also known as D&s, Ds or D/s) is a set of behaviors, customs and rituals relating to the giving and accepting of control of one individual over another in an erotic or lifestyle context. It explores the more mental aspect of BDSM.

I have to know … Does he really want me like this?

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Disclaimer: I did not write any of the BDSM passage – I took it from Wikipedia.

A/N: Hello guys! This chapter is the beginning of everything. Now that I have almost installed all of my “pawns”, the story may begin haha! I hope that you will still like it … :)
Chapter eight

Chapter 8

General POV

It’s 2:15 pm when Felicity looks at the clock of her car. She is on her way to the lair. She feels the urge to confront Oliver about what she has discovered, hoping she is wrong. The trip to Verdant is quick. She can feel her heart racing and her hand is sweating. Her throat is dry and she hadn’t even made it to the club yet. She is in her car, which is parked one block away from the entry. She is brave and probably has an adrenaline rush as she decides to almost run to the lair. She taps in the code, and runs down to him.

“Oliver!” she says, almost yelling.

But no one is there, she is alone. She needs to see him. This unbearable question she has in her mind is torturing her. She goes to her computer, switches the monitors on and searches for her tracking software. She takes a pen and a piece of paper, writes down the address and runs back to her car.

“Starling City Plaza Hotel - 768 5th Ave,” she reads. “Even if you don’t want it, Oliver, I will know!” she says to herself.

The hotel is 45 minutes away from Verdant. During the drive, she sorts out her thoughts and ideas. She knows what she wants to ask him. And how. She gives her car to the valet guy. She never feels comfortable in these kinds of hotels. They were much too luxurious to her. She is more the camping or guesthouse type than big hotels. She looks at her phone for the tracking app. She sees Oliver’s dot. It is still. She walks to him, almost at a run but stops her movement 6 feet before seeing him. She is breathing heavily; running was never her thing. She was more into yoga, gymnastics. She sees him with a woman. She thought that he was alone.

“Oliver, alone? Absolutely,” she says to herself ironically.

She thinks he doesn’t see her, but Oliver has noticed her since she entered the room. He tries to be polite to Clarisse, by not cutting her off when she speaks. But the need to turn his head is vital. He tries to focus on what Clarisse is saying but nothing is understandable, everything is a cloud of words. He wants to know why she is here and he knows that it isn’t related to Arrow business.

“Why does this blonde woman keep staring at you, Oliver?” says Clarisse with a little smile on her face.

“Where?” says Oliver, who has tried to get Felicity out of his mind.

“Oliver, don’t play dumb with me. I’m not Laurel or even Sara. You and I both know that she’s here.”

“Sorry, may I?” he asks nicely.

“Yes, you can.”

When he turns his head to Felicity, she became red. When he stands up and starts walking over to her, Felicity feels her braveness leaving her. She starts walking to somewhere where no one could hear them, she wants to run back to her car and drive right back to her apartment but the need to know is too strong. She arrives in a corridor, a very long and isolated corridor. She turns around
waiting for him to stop walking. He stands a little bit far from her. The temptation of taking her is really strong for him. He needs to stay away, at least in the beginning.

“Do you think of me?” she blurts, without thinking. All the thoughts she had in her car went missing leaving only a mouth without a filter.

“Don’t answer… I mean yes answer but not right now. I know that you think about me, I mean not in a romantic way… I mean when you call me or ask something of me, you’ve probably thought of me before,” she stops when she sees him coming to her, slowly but surely. She feels her body tense, her heart rate is climbing, her hands are sweating and she is breathing heavily.

“What I mean is: do you think about me when you’re alone or with…her?” she shut her eyes.

She waits for his answer, but he keeps his mouth closed. He is now close to her, close enough to touch her. He puts his left hand on her shoulder, standing behind her and letting his mouth kiss her neck. He whispers into her ear.

“That is not what you wanted to ask me!” he says still kissing her collarbone. “Say it, Felicity!” He bites her at the same moment and she enjoys it. She enjoys feeling his touch against her body. She enjoys feeling his hard hands on her. She loves how her body is crawling against him. Crawling for his touch.

“Out with it!” he says pressing her against his pelvis so she could feel his erection. She breathes heavily.

“Do you want me, Oliver?” she finally lets out.

He puts a hand on her thigh, trailing it up her leg.

“I’ve probably always wanted you, Felicity.” He lets his other hand go under her shirt, trailing to her breast. “I don't know how you didn’t notice it. You are a mystery to me, you are hypnotizing. You know that your lips are a pure product of the devil. You are a temptation. But there's a thing that I would like to ask you. Did you hear us? With Sara?” he says while he gives her a massage to her breast.

"I… I …" she can't speak. All she manages to let out of her mouth are moans. He makes her feel like a woman. A real, powerful, desired woman.

He puts a hand around her neck, pressing it.

"Answer me Felicity!" he says louder, pressing her neck with his hand harder.

"Yes," she says in a breath. She is aroused. Every fiber of her body wants to kiss him and make him hers.

"So you know that I love to do particular things in bed?"
"Words, Felicity, words," he bites her naked shoulder.

"Yes." She is hot. She can feel his hand under skirt touching her. She wants him. Here or anywhere else, she doesn’t mind.

"So you know what my particular needs are. Do you want to try it with me? Because I do, very much... I want you in my world, Felicity, I deeply want you. Can you feel it?" he says, giving her small pressure on her clitoris which increases the heat and the pleasure she is currently feeling.

Felicity is on the edge of having an orgasm right there in the corridor. She is really excited. If someone happens to see them, it would be embarrassing but it adds more excitation.

"All I ever wanted, Oliver, since we've met, was you. No one else, only you. I want to be a part of your whole world," says Felicity.

"Good. Very good," he says with a rictus on his face.

"More, Oliver! Please more..." She was near her orgasm.

"No Felicity, I don't get orders... I give them," he says laughing a bit.

Oliver leaves Felicity panting. She doesn’t understand. Felicity gives him a look full of questions. Oliver walks backwards, stopping a few feet away and gives her a wink.

"I'll see you around..." And he leaves.

Felicity is not good at all. She is horny, excited and shocked. She gets dressed. Staying half naked in a corridor was not in her plans. She starts moving and walks back to her car. She feels like the whole world is staring at her like if someone had seen her. She still can’t believe what happened with Oliver. The heat of his hands are still present on her body. She smiles at the flashbacks. She waits in
front of the hotel's entry for her car, which comes really quickly. Once in her car, she drives back to her apartment. She parks her car and uses the stairs because she needs to evacuate the excitation. Her hands are shaking when she tries to open her door. She goes to her kitchen, dropping her bag on her couch, and pours herself a big glass of red wine. She kicks off her heels and takes a sip of her glass, wondering if everything was true. She remembers that she isn’t wearing underwear.

"Oh! He still has my thong," she says blushing.

She gently places the glass on the work plans and goes to her bedroom. She is looking for a new outfit while wondering if she should go back to Queen Consolidated or go to the lair. For the moment, she focuses her mind on the clothes that could make Oliver crack.

“You give orders, fine, but this outfit will make you crack,” she says, looking at the dress she is holding with the hanger.

She turns her head to the clock on her bedside table. It’s already 4:30pm. She wonders if she should go to QC to pick Oliver up or to go right to the lair and act like nothing happened. She chooses the second option. She gets dressed, does her hair and makeup and goes to the lair. Once she arrives in front of the hidden entry, she feels the stress rising in her. Questions like “what if he was there, alone? What should I do? Should I go kiss him? Are we a couple? Or even a thing? Was it just the matter of one shot?” and many others fills her mind. She is really nervous. She taps the code and pushes the door open. Her heart is racing, too much. She descends the stairs, slowly dreading the aftershock. With a few steps left, she is almost sweating. When Felicity finally puts her foot on the floor, she closes the eyes.

“Hi.”

A/N: Hello followers!!!!

How are you guys? Did you enjoy the episode of Arrow??

So, like usual, chapters are a bit hard to write but it’s the first time (I think you noticed it) that I wrote a chapter with only general POV! I know it’s a quite short chapter (the previous one was 7 Word pages long and this one is only 4 Word pages long haha) but I couldn’t say much. I still have secret that needs to be hidden from you… Hahahaha
“Hi,” Felicity hears.

“H-Hi, Sara.”

“Nice dress! Do you plan to get laid tonight?” Sara blurts.

“Yes! Thanks,” Felicity says lowering her head to look at her barely covered long legs. She quickly raises it to contradict what she just said. “NO!! I mean is it THAT obvious?”

“Well, it’s a quite short dress with a lot of revealed skin… you’re hot!”

“…Thanks, I guess!”

“So who’s the winner?“

“Oh, someone in my circle… he’s in town for a few days and let’s just say that between us, it’s ambiguous… haha.”

Sara sits at the desk opposite to Felicity’s.

“So tell me about him? What’s your story with this man?” Sara’s curious, too curious.

“Well…” Think, Felicity, THINK! “We were dating for a while and … he had to move out of town because Wayne’s Enterprise needed him. And … hum … he’s 6ft 1, light brown hair, blue eyes. He’s a bit aggressive but in a good way.”

“Oh I see,” Sara smiles. “I understand you, I like it when Oliver is a bit aggressive too…” She winks.

“Oh... so it’s official with you and Oliver?” my heart hurt. Am I going to be one-night-stand or someone he can fuck up when he wants?

“Yes, I guess so. He’s throwing me a party tonight, you should come with… what is his name by the way?” Okay, she wants a name…

“John! His name is John...” Work with it.

“Like I said, you should come with… John, before you get laid.” Why does she laugh?

“Will think about it! Do-Do you know where Olivier is?” Keep it cool, Felicity. “Or Digg?”
“No, why?” Stop being so curious, goddamn it!

“I may have a clue to the new drug and he—they asked me to share it when I have it?”

“Have what?”

Oliver…

**General POV**

“Hi Ollie!” Sara says before kissing him on his mouth.

“Hey!” Oliver is aware that Felicity is looking when he answers with the kiss. She is lost, her eyes are wet. Too wet and one tear comes out.

What she thought earlier punches her back in the face.

“I’m going to be his one-night-stand for a while,” she thinks. Felicity turns her back on them before Oliver can look at her, which he does anyway.

“Ollie, Felicity’s friend is in town tonight. Can’t she have her night off?” asks a nice, maybe also suspicious Sara. “Oh and I proposed her to come tonight with him, if it’s okay with you?”

“Fine.”

**Oliver’s POV**

“What are they talking about? I don’t believe it! She’s beautiful and fucking hot. Since when does the color nude look hot? And this low-neck… I wouldn’t mind tying her to her desk with her legs wide open to me. Or maybe just to say to her to stay put and if she moves, I’ll punish her.

“Hi Ollie!”

Sara… my current girlfriend, if I may say it like this. Damn Felicity! I—Hmph. Sara is kissing me, what should I do? I need to talk to Felicity.

**General POV**

Oliver’s eyes open in shock when Felicity shows her back to them. He is excited but he can’t make a move since Sara is glued to him. Felicity wears a nude short dress, which is composed by two low-necks: one in the back and one in front. Her heels are a very light brown and the jewels are gold. She lets her hair down and wears lenses. She’s beautiful.

She sits at her desk, and starts typing. Her mind is really full of images of Oliver and Sara, cuddling behind her. A tear falls on the desk, she quickly wipes it away.

**Felicity’s POV**

“Ollie, Felicity’s friend is in town tonight. Can’t she have her night off?” Oh I see what you did there, Sara. You want him! Well, I guess I can understand you. “Oh and I proposed her to come tonight with him, if it’s okay with you?” Deep shit, Smoak, you are in deep shit.
“Fine.”

Waaaaaiiiit, what? He’s okay with it? I need to find somebody to play John’s character. Quickly. Escort! I need an escort! That is the solution! A great damn shitty solution!! Or better, why not John? John as a John, perfect.

“Can’t wait to meet your friend, Felicity!”

Oliver…don’t even think about it!

General POV

“Can’t wait to meet your friend, Felicity!” Oliver says, showing his anger to Felicity in his voice, while staring at her computer screens.

“I-I have information about the drug,” says Felicity in attempt to create a diversion.

“Right, tell me about it.”

“This person is very well placed in the society, probably someone extremely rich. And I think this person will be there tonight since you’ve invited half of the town…” Felicity says while turning her chair, her head resting on her fist.

“Er…” Oliver tries to say something but Felicity cut in.

“Anyway, if you want to make a move, it should be tonight. We cannot afford to let this person go again.”

“Right…” Oliver is interrupted again, this time by Sara.

“At what time will you pick me up?” says a very suggestive Sara.

“About that, you should come with your parents, not with me since I’m the host and you’re the lady of the night…”

“Oh okay, I’ll be there at 9pm, is that perfect?”

Felicity looks at this exchange between them. Now that she knows what Oliver is into, she sees it in each and every word he says, every move he makes. She feels nervous, and is impressed at the same time. She wonders how someone like him could be interested in someone like her. Definitely not his type.

“Felicity,” whispers Oliver. “We need to talk, privately.” He grabs her shoulder.

“Okay. Where?” She is really nervous.

“Upstairs, near the back alley in 5.”

“I’ll be there.”

Oliver leaves for the club upstairs. He goes to check on Thea. Since he asked to Roy to stay away of her and since she discovered who her true dad was, she was in constant danger. No one was with her and she could be kidnapped again. He stays far from her, he doesn’t want to annoy her or even provoke an argument. He just stays a little bit in the shadows, watching her. A lot of memories run
back to him. All of them happier than the others but then he sees a blonde head walking to the emergency door. It is time. He follows her, just walking behind her. She doesn’t notice him, too busy in her head. Her outfit fits her perfectly. Oliver really wants to take her but not now, not till she signs the contract. He checks his inside pocket just to be sure the contract is there.

She sits on a wooden cage, waiting for him. She thinks of what happened within not even two weeks.

“Felicity,” Oliver says to get her out of her mind.

“Yes?” blurts Felicity. She stands up suddenly.

He walks to her and stops a few centimeters away from her. He bends as if about to kiss her but turns his head to the right at the last second. Felicity closes her eyes when she sees him bending.

“I’ve missed you,” he kisses her cheek.

“Hmm…” says Felicity with her eyes still closed.

“I told you, Felicity, words! You don’t know how much I want to punish you…” he says, biting his own lips. Like it could restrain all the lust he has for her.

“Sorry, what- what do you want to talk about?”

“In my world, there’s a thing that you must sign before anything starts even though I did more that it allows me to.” Oliver takes the contract from his jacket and gives it to Felicity.

“A contract, right?” she asks without opening the envelope.

“Smart,” he says with a small laugh. He knows she will guess what is inside. “Read it, please.”

Felicity’s POV

Made this day, April 8th of 2014.

BETWEEN:

Mr. Oliver Queen of Queen Mansion, 1789 Cahuenga Street, Starling City, WA 98889

(“The Dominant”)

AND

Miss Felicity Smoak of 1928 N 158th Ave, Home 8, Starling City WA 98888

(“The Submissive”)

That’s for real. I’m really going to be his Submissive. I feel weird…
THE PARTIES AGREE AS FOLLOWS

The following are the terms of a binding contract between the Dominant and the Submissive.

FUNDAMENTAL TERMS

The fundamental purpose of this contract is to allow the Dominant and the Submissive to explore her sensuality and her limits safely, with due respect and regard for her needs, her limits and her wellbeing.

The Dominant and the Submissive agree and acknowledge that all that occurs under the terms of this contract will be consensual, confidential.

It will allow us to explore my sensuality and limits?

ROLES

The Dominant shall take responsibility for the wellbeing and the proper training, guidance, and discipline of the Submissive. He shall decide the nature of such training, guidance, and discipline and the time and place of its administration and she shall accept without query or hesitation his training, guidance and discipline in whatever form it may take.

Oh perfect! Training!

AVAILABILITY

The Submissive will make herself available to the Dominant at every moment possible.

Why not live together? Felicity! Keep it focus!!!

DOMINANT

The Dominant shall make the Submissive’s health and safety a priority at all times.

The Dominant accepts the Submissive as his, to own, control, dominate and discipline.

The Dominant may use the Submissive’s body at any time in any manner he deems fit, sexually or otherwise.

The Dominant shall provide the Submissive with all necessary training and guidance in how to properly serve the Dominant.

The Dominant may discipline the Submissive as necessary to ensure the Submissive fully appreciates her role of subservience to the Dominant and to discourage unacceptable conduct in their private
time. The Dominant may flog, spank, whip or corporally punish the Submissive as he sees fit, for purposes of discipline, for his own personal enjoyment, or for any other reason, which he is not obliged to provide.

In training and in the administration of discipline the Dominant shall ensure that no permanent marks are made upon the Submissive’s body nor any injuries incurred that may require medical attention.

In case of illness or injury the Dominant shall care for the Submissive, seeing to her health and safety, encouraging and when necessary ordering medical attention when it is judged necessary by the Dominant.

The Dominant shall not loan his Submissive to another Dominant.

The Dominant may restrain, handcuff, or bind the Submissive at any time for any reason.

**SUBMISSIVE**

The Submissive accepts the Dominant as her master, with the understanding that she is now the property of the Dominant.

The Submissive shall obey the rules set out in this agreement.

The Submissive shall obey the commands to the best of her ability.

The Submissive shall maintain honest and open communications with the Dominant.

The Submissive shall reveal her thoughts, feelings, and desires without hesitation or embarrassment.

The Submissive shall inform him of my wants and perceived needs, recognizing that he is the sole judge of whether or how these shall be satisfied.

The Submissive shall serve the Dominant in any way the Dominant sees fit and shall endeavor to please the Dominant at all times to the best of her ability.

The Submissive shall take all measures necessary to maintain her good health.

The Submissive shall accept without question any and all disciplinary actions deemed necessary by the Dominant and remember her status and role in regard to the Dominant at all times.

The Submissive shall not touch or pleasure herself sexually without permission from the Dominant.

The Submissive shall submit to any sexual activity demanded by the Dominant and shall do without hesitation or argument.

The Submissive shall accept whippings, floggings, spankings, caning, paddling or any other discipline the Dominant should decide to administer, without hesitation.

**SAFEWORDS**

The Safeword “orange” will be used to bring to the attention of the Dominant that the Submissive is close to her limit of endurance.

The Safeword “red” will be used to bring to the attention of the Dominant that the Submissive cannot tolerate any further demands. When this word is said the Dominant’s action will cease completely with immediate effect.
RULES

Obedience:
The Submissive will obey any instructions given by the Dominant immediately without hesitation or reservation and in an expeditious manner. The Submissive will agree to any sexual activity.

Clothes:
During the Term the Submissive will wear clothing only approved by the Dominant. The Dominant will provide a clothing budget for the Submissive, which the Submissive shall utilize.

Exercise:
The Dominant shall provide to the Submissive fighting training and bow training.

What?? Fighting with Oliver? No way!

Personal Safety:
The Submissive will not put herself in any unnecessary danger.

Fuck you, love! Love? Did I say love?

HARD LIMITS (will not be include even if one of the parties ask for it)

No acts involving fire play

No acts involving urination or defecation and the products thereof

No acts involving needles, knives, cutting, piercing, or blood

No acts involving gynecological medical instruments

No acts involving children or animals

No acts that will leave any permanent marks on the skin

No acts involving breath control.

No activity that involves the direct contact of electric current, fire or flames to the body.

Fuck! Do people do really that?

SOFT LIMITS
Masturbation
Felation
Cunnilingus

Okay, I wouldn’t mind those ones...

Bondage:
Hands in front
Hands behind back
Ankles
Knees
Elbows
Wrists to ankles
Spreader bars
Tied to furniture
Blindfolding
Bondage with Rope
Bondage with leather cuffs
Suspension
Bondage with handcuffs/metal restraints

Holy god! If I do remember, bondage is being attached by the other in any position…

Discipline tools:
Spanking
Paddling
Whipping
Caning
Biting
Ice

Hot wax

Oh, holy fucking god! Those are for the punishment …

**General POV**

She lifts her head to Oliver, she looks at him right in the eyes.

“Will you allow me to come by the lair to work? Because this is very restricted. And you won’t truly hurt me?” says Felicity.

“Oh …” he is a bit disappointed and shakes his head as a no.

“Words, Oliver, words” she says with a smile.

“Oh, Felicity, I really want to punish you right now,” he knows he has won the fight. She’s his…

“But you can’t, till I sign these papers,” she says with a small smile to him.

He bends down, this time he stays in front of her mouth, without even touching her.

“I know, but if you want me to kiss you, you will sign the paper, Felicity,” he says, lifting his head to smile to her.

Felicity’s heart is racing, she really thinks that he is going to kiss her. She hopes it. She takes the pen he hands to her, signs the contract and throws everything on the floor to be able to kiss him.

“Felicity Smoak, welcome to *my personal hell,*” he says, kissing her harder and harder.

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**DISCLAIMER:** the contract is mostly taken from Fifty Shades but I changed it extremely, and shortened it.

**I’M SO SORRY** FOR THE DELAYED CHAPTER! It was really hard for me to put the ideas into words for this chapter. My wonderful beta told me: quality over quantity! So I followed her advice.

You are probably wondering why I choose the Fifty Shades’ contract and not another? It’s just because it’s really hard to find a good contract about Oliver’s activities and also Christian Grey and Oliver Queen, for me, are quite the same at the end. Always caring for their beloved ones and have secrets about their past. Without forgetting the homes, money, big industries. So if the contract fits for Christian Grey, it should fit Oliver Queen!
By the way, I’m really disappointed by the actors chosen, aren’t you? I badly wanted Matt Bomer as Christian Grey. That man is the perfect actor for this role, even though he’s gay!

I hope that you like it :)
Their kissing was hard, nothing sweet. Oliver pushed Felicity to the wall and took her thigh in his hand which allowed him to make her feel his erection against her intimacy. All she could let out was moans but she still was Felicity Smoak, not some kind of fluffy woman, so she came back to logic, they were in the back alley of Verdant, everyone could have seen them or could see them.

“Oliver, please, Oliver…” she tried to push him away but he was too strong for her and too excited.

“Oliver, stop!”

He released her, against his will.

“Please, Oliver, not in this back alley. People might see us…” Felicity said.

“Right, yo-you’re right!” He ran his hand through his hair, he was thinking.

“Oliver, tell me.” She saw the look of lust in his eyes and added “please”.

“Tonight, meet me at 7pm in my room!” he said.

“Right, tonight! Tonight?! What! No! Sara will be there and and and…” Felicity moved in all directions, thinking quickly. “John will be there too…” Oliver cut her off.

“So you will bring him?” His tone was angry

“Yes. I have to. Sara wants to see him and I can’t come alone…” she said, moving her hands in the air at the same time.

“No!” Oliver was adamant.

“What? Oliver, please understand…” she tried to say nicely.

“No! You don’t get it, Felicity! You’re mine now! No one has the fucking right to touch you, understood?!” Oliver yelled at her. He grabbed her by her shoulders and her hair, blocked her between him and the wall behind her.

“Felicity, do you understand?” Oliver asked one more time.

“Yes,” she said, afraid for the first time of their whatsoever relationship she signed up for.
Even though Felicity was strong, she couldn’t say anything against Oliver, not when he was angry like this.

*Meanwhile in the lair*

Sara looked at herself in the mirror. She had just finished her shower. Her blue eyes were grey, stormy grey. She was mad, deeply mad. It was over for her. Even after 7 years. Their relationship was over. She punched the mirror.

**Sara’s POV**

How could this be possible? That bitch! I need to calm down! Why? Am I not enough for him? I dress like her, act like her but in my way. The way he likes it and he still needs the real Felicity. Talking about her, she lied to me with an open heart… a friend, huh? I need to stop the bleeding and clean everything up before anyone notices the mess.

**General POV**

A phone rang in the basement, Sara looked at Felicity’s desk but she saw three phones including hers. She walked to them and first took Diggle’s phone. Nothing. Then took her phone, still nothing. The only one left was Felicity’s. She took it, unlocked it and saw a message from John.

“Geeky, please meet me now… I have to warn you against Oliver. Please don’t fall in this trap. I still love you… Call me ASAP!”

Sara was mad! She wanted to throw the phone to the ground but stopped herself. A plan was brewing in her mind…

“This bitch is going to pay, and hard…” said Sara.

She texted John back, telling him to meet her in thirty minutes in Verdant.

*Back in the alley*

“Felicity you’re such a temptress… how can you do that to me? How?” Oliver asked, kissing her everywhere he could but avoiding her mouth.

“Oliver, kiss me!” Felicity said. “I-I know I shouldn’t ask, but it’s killing me”.

“Felicity, Felicity, ah Felicity…” He said and stepped away from her.

“I think you need to explain to me how it works and how it is going to work between us…” blurted Felicity. “I know there are rules, I read them but it still does not explain everything.” She took a breath. “You know, I’m a virgin in this matter.” she closed her eyes and said, “Not a virgin as a virgin but a virgin in the B-B-BDSM… Oh gosh I’m just making a fool out of myself! Please forget what I just said.”
“Felicity, please meet me tonight in my room…” he said, almost kissing her.

“Fine,” she whispered. “I’ll be there”.

Later that day, violins were playing in the manor. It wasn’t loud, just a small sound in the background. People were dancing, talking, laughing. Everyone was happy. Moira was talking with a couple, sometimes giving looks to check up on Thea who was talking with a young man, Roy. As to Oliver, he was nervous. It was the second time in his life that he was going to initiate someone. The first person was Laurel. His first love. Flashbacks were coming back to him. Moments of intense pleasure, moments of true happiness, moments of sadness. The past three years before he disappeared were perfect but when he came back, everything was different. He was different, changed, marked forever and Laurel couldn’t understand that. So their story ended. He became the vigilante, the warrior of Starling City. He was alone, of course John Diggle joined him but it wasn’t a motivation. He was protecting the city no matter what and if they were collateral damages, well, he assumed it but one day he met her. At Queen Consolidated, she was in her cubicle totally focused on doing stuff on her computer. Oliver remembered the first look she gave him… The bold pink lips were the first and the only thing he noticed. He wished at that moment she knelt and allowed him to fuck her mouth but he quickly recomposed himself when he noticed that none of them were talking. Since that day, he always felt lust for her and when she entered the team, he almost lost control of his sexual desire. Seeing her bold colorful lips moving at every time of the day and the night was a torture for him. But Oliver was not the kind of loving. He was more into sex, pleasure, discovering of himself and his partner and above all, he was into dominating.

“Oliver,” called Felicity. “I’m here as you wanted.” She began to walk but she felt stuck to the ground. Like she couldn’t move.

“Perfect... You are perfect,” said Oliver, running his hand in Felicity’s long hair.

“Someone could see us…”

“Let them see,” he answered to her on-question.

“I don’t …I don’t want to be the news around here. It’s Sara’s night…”

“Don’t talk about her. Don’t talk about anything. Follow me,” he said, but before he could actually move, he heard Felicity’s phone ringing.

“Aren’t you going to take that?”

“I thought you didn’t want me to talk?” she said in order to play him.

“Oh dear lord! I can’t wait to punish you,” he kissed her passionately. “Now take it!”

“Ri-right,” she unlocked her phone. “Hi John! I can’t…”

Oliver looked at her, he was angry.

“Oh no, John is not available at this moment. He won’t be able to talk anytime soon, Felicity”

“Sara?! I don’t understand! What are you doing with John? And why won’t he be able to talk?” She was confused.

“And I thought you were smart … Disappointing Felicity. Do you know how much it hurts to see
the person you love with someone else? I guess you do since you are in love with Ollie… but he’s mine! You have no right to claim him! HE IS MINE!” yelled Sara at the phone freeing a part of her anger on Felicity.

Felicity put the speaker on as Oliver ordered. He wanted to know what was going on.

“Why did you take him? Why did you kidnap him? He knows nothing, not even the truth about me… why?” She was crying. After all, he was her first fiancé and her first love. She was connected to him, not like it once was as lovers but as friends.

“To make you feel how it is when someone pulls out someone you really care about. You are going to pay, Felicity!”

“SARA! It’s not her fault. I’m the one who dragged her into the deal. Don’t act stupid!” said Oliver, trying to keep his control.

“Oh please! For god’s sake! I think she’s smart enough to know what she’s into! She may be cute but she’s not one of those silly girls! Stop taking her defense!! Why her? Huh? Why her over me?” Sara was mad but this madness was due to the unconditional love she had for Oliver and the beginning of a deep jealousy for Felicity.

“Sara! I’m coming to you!”

“You better speed up or god knows how this could end…” said Sara before hanging off.

They used the kitchen exit of the manor. Oliver ran to his bike but stopped when he saw Felicity running to her car.

“What are you doing?” he yelled.

Oliver ran to her and grabbed her by her arm.

“Felicity, listen to me! The fastest way to the city is with the bike.” He bit his lip for a second. “Do you want him to be safe?” he waited for an answer but she just nodded. “So trust me Felicity, come with me.”

His last sentence sounded more like a last test to Felicity. Like if it was the last chance for her to retract herself from the contract. She climbed on behind Oliver, he gave her the only helmet and started the engine. Felicity was scared. Not for her, well, a little bit. She was scared for Oliver. First of all: he was driving this hell machine without a helmet… then, his driving was really fast and he didn't stop at the red lights. And the last thing: she was afraid for his heart. Sara was one of his deepest loves and relationships he ever had. Hurting her or, worse, killing her could really affect him in a bad way.

Oliver was thinking of where Sara could be if it was not the lair or John’s place, because that would be silly. He searched for few seconds and when he found out he accelerated more. It only took fifteen minutes for Oliver to drive to the Tower. When he got off the bike and looked at the building, a lot of tensions and emotions ran back to him. Like the first time he bonded with Sara when he discovered she was back or the fight he had for her against The League of Assassins. But this, this ended tonight.

“Stay here!” he ordered to Felicity. It wasn't Oliver who spoke to her but the Arrow. His alter ego.

“WHAT?! No! No way! I’m coming with you! There’s no way I’ll let you be alone with her. She’s a freaking assassin!!!” she yelled at him but added with a shy voice, “She could hurt you, badly and…”
“Felicity, stop!! She’s not going to hurt me,” said a calm Oliver.

“And what about John?” asked Felicity.

“He’ll be fine! Stay here,” he said to her when he saw her moving.

“No! It’s my last word! I’m coming with you.” She was pretty convincing, enough to get Oliver’s guard down.

“Felicity, please!” he was almost begging her to stay there.

“I’m coming with you no matter what!”

She walks to the Tower without leaving Oliver a choice. The adrenaline rushed through her veins, she was going to fight Sara. She was going to fight an assassin and she was going to win no matter what. They walked into the Tower and climbed the 8 floors that led to the top. They walked in the space carefully but she was quickly stopped because Sara was just in front of them. Felicity was quite surprised to not see The Black Canary but Sara herself. Sara turned her head to her left and Felicity followed her look and opened her eyes wildly when she noticed John and the dry blood on his forehead. She ran to him but she was stopped, again, by Sara who was standing in her way.

“Oh cutie wants to save her fiancé! See Oliver, your so much beloved Felicity doesn’t care about you…”

“Sara, I don’t want to fight you!” said Felicity with a lot of anger.

“You really think you’ll be able to, at least, touch me? Oh gosh you’re so stupid…” said Sara while pushing Felicity away.

Oliver ran to her, to be able to catch her before she fell.

“Sara… what are you doing? You knew it, that you and I, at the end was never going to happen… you knew it! So why are you acting like this? Huh? You love me? So you’ll be able to accept the fact that she’s the one that I need… not you, Sara, not you,” Oliver said trying to reason with Sara.

He walked carefully to her, with his hands in front of him to show Sara he was not going to start a fight.

“I don’t believe you! After seven years! You are a liar…” yelled Sara before she was cut off by Felicity.

“Stop! He is not a liar! Oliver is everything except a liar! He can’t lie! He is a respectful man. He’s a hero who needs help and approval from his friends not a jealous-assassin-ex-girlfriend! Do you get that?” said, or more yelled, Felicity to Sara. “If you truly love him you’ll be able to understand his needs, Sara! And please let John go. He has nothing to do with us. Please Sara, understand!”

“Oh no! You are going to pay! I’m going to take the one you love the most like you took the one I love the most…”

“But I don’t love him anymore!” cut in Felicity again. “I don’t! He’s a friend Sara, let him go”.

She walked to Sara and stopped just few inches from her.

“You truly love him?” Felicity asked nicely. Sara nodded.

“Well, when a person truly loves someone, she accepts whatever decision the other takes.” Felicity
tried to put her hand on the shoulder of Sara but, Sara saw that like a threat and punched Felicity in the nose.

Oliver ran to Sara, in order to calm her but Sara was in a very bad mood. She punched him in the face once. Nothing happened. Twice. Still nothing. But at the third time, Oliver fought back, he tried to hit her the less he could but that was useless. So, Oliver decided to fight like she wanted him to fight.

Felicity was on the side, her nose bleeding, but she didn’t care. She was worried for John and Oliver. John would ask questions when he woke up. She didn’t even know how she would answer… The fight between Oliver and Sara was huge. Felicity heard a lot of bones crack and she saw a lot of blood on their faces. She was afraid of what she was seeing. The guy she loved was fighting his ex-girlfriend for her. The fight was going for few minutes when Sara pulled out a gun and pointed it at Felicity. Oliver froze instantly.

“And now, how are you going to save her?” said Sara.

“Sara, don’t act stupid! Don’t do something you’ll regret later…” Oliver tried, once again, to reason her.

“Oh please! Killing people is a part of me! I’m an assassin, not a geek girl!”

“Sara, if you let them go and go far away from here, I will let you live in peace! I won’t hunt you, I won’t harm you, I will stay very far away from you,” offered Oliver as a deal.

Sara was thinking. The deal that Oliver offered was appealing. She knew, deep down, fighting Oliver was useless. He would kill her if it had to be done. She could go back to The League. She could go back for someone that actually cared about her and not just bang her… “It means that blondie wins if I leave…” thought Sara. She really hated Felicity right now but she had to walk away.

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“Sara!” called Oliver.

“Fine!” She put the gun in the space provided for this purpose in her suit. “I’ll go, but not without leaving my mark on both of you!”

Sara pulled out the gun again and shot Oliver in his arm first, which provided her enough time to shoot Felicity in the thigh. She escaped like a flying bird via the broken window from the Tower and landed on the rooftop of the nearest building.

Oliver ran to Felicity because if her thigh wasn’t quickly operated on, she could die because of the bleeding. He dialed the last number on his phone and Diggle answered

“What’s up man? Where the hell are you guys? People have started to ask questions about you and Sara!” said Diggle, quite exceed by the turn of the last two weeks.

“Big fight! No time to talk now! Felicity has been shot in the thigh. She’s bleeding! Meet us in 10 at Verdant!” Oliver said quickly and hung up.

He took Felicity in his arms and started to walk. He thanked all the gods because the Tower was only 5 minutes away from the basement.

“Oliver put me down! I can walk!” said Felicity, half conscious. She was pale because of the loss of blood.

“Shhh! Don’t talk! We need to save you! We are near Verdant! Just stay awake please… I need you
Felicity! I need you more than you realize...” whispered Oliver to Felicity’s ear.

“I… in case, you know, I die! This won’t happen! Because you’re my savior… Oliver Queen my personal hero… That’s a dream which came true … I love you… I know it’s quite early in our relationship. Hey wait! Are we in a relationship or something close to it?” She said with a lot of breaks. Even though she was injured she kept her sense of humor. Oliver looked at her with a big sad smile on his face.

“We arrived, love. Love?” He shook Felicity’s body. “Felicity?”

“Hmmm…” she managed to say

“Keep holding on, it’s going to be over soon!!”

“Man, what’s the hell!”

“Dig, there’s no time for that now, just stitch her!!” Oliver was on the edge of a cliff. Afraid of losing her so close to his needs.

Dig did the best of him. The best he could do. The best the army taught him. Felicity’s life was out of danger but still weak. She was half naked on the cold metal table. Sometimes saying incomprehensible things or sometimes just shivering. Oliver put a blanket on her, the same he wore when she saved him from being shot by his mother. His head rested in Felicity’s hand, he imagined what life could be with her. No danger, no one to hunt down, no problems, no fake feelings, nothing bad. This was something he could live with.

Hours later, when she started to move, Oliver knew she was going to wake up and he was correct. She woke up barely a few minutes after. She was blinded by the lights even though the lair was hardly illuminated. She felt a horrible ache coming from her right thigh. It was burning her.

“Guess people love to shoot me,” she managed to say as a joke to Oliver because his face was too tense. He looked at her, put back a strand of hair behind her ear.

“I was afraid”

“I know, I was afraid too,” she nicely said

“I thought I lost you,” Oliver confessed his fear to her.

“You didn’t.”

“Don’t you dare do that again!”

“Yes, but only if you let me sometimes go into the field.”

He laughed, “Even heavily injured, you want to negotiate. But it’s a no!”

“So I will dare to do that again! Hey are you spinning?”

“No, it’s the drug for the operation…”

“Oh right. Drugs! How many times are you going to drug me Oliver Queen?”

“Oh shit!”

He leant his head to her and kissed her.
“So I guess, I shouldn’t take a bullet for people especially when they shoot me few weeks after…”

Oliver laughed again, his forehead resting on Felicity’s forehead.

“Take me home, please.”

“No, you come to my place. No way that I’m leaving you alone!”

“I’m not in a perfect mood to argue with you, so your place it is,” she said enjoying the feeling of his hand on her cheek.

“Perfect, stay here until I come back, okay?” he asked her.

“Yes, don’t worry, I won’t move”

He moved quick, grabbing stuff together in a bag. He looked to see if the car keys were on the desk and took them.

“Come,” he offered to carry her but she refused.

“I can walk.” He looked at her because the last time she said that, she was half conscious. “No, I swear I can walk.”

“Yeah and my name is The Hood.”

“Wait, you were called The Hood!” she said, half laughing

“Not the point…” he said sulkily.

“You are my hero, Oliver Queen!” she kissed him. But a flashback came to her “I love you”, she froze a second before going back to normal. Oliver, as the super sentinel he was, noticed but said nothing.

“Let’s go!” He said offering his arm to her.

They walked until the stairs. When Felicity tried to climb the stairs and fell, he took her in his arms, then walked quickly to the car, which was parked in one of the back alleys of the club. He put her seat-belt on and then when to his side of the car.

“We will be there fast, sleep for a little bit.”

He drove through the city to his place, it took him 40 minutes to go back to his place. When they arrived, Raisa opened the door of Felicity’s side but Oliver shook his head. Raisa understood that he wanted to do it, so she took Oliver’s bag and went to put it in his place. As to Oliver, he took Felicity in his arms, she was asleep. The drug was still in her metabolism. He carried her through the huge mansion to his bed.

“Raisa, could you get her clothes?” She nodded to him “Thank you, Raisa.”

He let her sleep for hours and hours without sleeping himself. Always watching her in case of a late bad reaction to the drugs. When she woke up, she noticed the softness of the sheets she was lying on. She noticed, the light of the room and the wooden ceiling. She remembered the few clear moments she had had those past 48 hours. She remembered she was in Oliver’s room and probably in his bed.

She shifted her head to the right, to see if anyone was with her. She noticed a barely awake Oliver on the sofa in front of the bed. His head tilting top to the bottom because of the tiredness. Even big,
courageous, heroes needed strength and sleep. She got off the bed and managed her way to the bathroom. She needed a shower. She undressed in the bathroom and looked at herself. The bruises started to appear everywhere on her body. Her look was directed to her thigh. She touched it nicely, feeling the bandage under her fingers. She remembered the feeling of the bullet going through her, the burning after, and the arms of Oliver. Meanwhile Oliver woke up and looked to the bed but he found it empty.

“Felicity?” he called

“I’m in the bathroom,” she answered

He went to the bathroom, hesitating a second before entering the room. Felicity was naked and didn’t expect Oliver to come in.

“Oliver?! I’m naked!” she said, trying to cover her body with her hand.

“And?” he teased her.

“I know you've seen a lot of women’s bodies naked but this is my body,” she managed to say, feeling so shy in front of him.

“Felicity…” he lightly laughed. “This mouth of yours is going to kill me one day.”

She couldn’t say a word, she just stayed there, looking at him naked.

“You should get a shower?” he offered to her as a diversion.

“Yes. A shower. I’ll do anything for a shower.” She closed her eyes. “Forget what I said, please”

“Enter the bath and sit.”

She entered the bath and sat. Oliver opened the tap to fill the bath. She instantly relaxed when the water touched her. It was like the water washed the two past days away. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the feeling. The only thing she didn’t expect was Oliver washing her. He started by her hair, massaging them slowly and then her body. She was in heaven.

So two months. Two huge months waiting for chapter 10, guys I’m sorry, really sorry. I had my first part of my finals the whole month of May. So here is chapter 10, probably the longest I’ve ever wrote… And I’m sorry... not about the ten word pages but about the waiting. Not that it took me two months to write this chap but I had my orals the 3 last weeks of May and then the writing in French, History-Geography and Case Study...

Sorry :)
Later that night, or earlier in the morning depending on the point of view, Felicity woke up with an amazing heat all around her. She felt complete. She opened one eye and then the other, slowly getting used to the sunlight. She turned her head right, to Oliver, then down her body. She wasn’t stupid; she remembered what happened to her. Even the naked part she terribly wanted to vanish from her mind. Her thigh wasn’t hurting, well at least not like the first few hours after the operation. She felt really happy right there, in the bed. She raised her hand, wanting to touch Oliver but she stopped half away. She wondered if it was right to touch him when he was asleep… After all, we are talking about a dominant here!

“I know you want to be discreet, Love, but you move like an elephant.” said Oliver with his eyes still shut.

“Thanks, I appreciate that! Well, I wasn’t really trying to be discreet so no reason to think what you thought! And … Er… Oliver, stop calling me Love, it makes me feel pretty powerless but I’m not! I’m damn powerful!”

Oliver smiled, eyes still closed. Felicity was back, not changed at all. He opened an eye slowly, then the other and rolled upon her.

“Powerful, huh? Let’s see!” he said, playfully.

“Oh yes!! I’m powerful, see that!” she said, trying to make Oliver roll on his back for her to be on top of him.

“Sorry, you were saying?” he said, not even moving an inch.

“Okay, maybe not powerful like this… But remember the guy that dared to call me bitch?” Oliver nodded. “Yeah, remember what happened next… That was one side of my power!” she said, proudly.

“And I’m proud of you…” he said, starting to kiss her.

“Really?” she managed to say between kisses.

“Haven’t I told you once?” he said, still kissing her.

“Yeah! Oh Lord! That was excellent”

Oliver kept biting, kissing, and sucking but, when Felicity felt it became too serious, she needed to stop. She needed to go to the bathroom.

“Hum… hum…” She tried, not successful at all. “Oliver?”

He answered with moans, which were not helpful to get him to stop doing this amazing thing with
his tongue just under her ear that gave her shivers and enough be panting. Oliver was heading downwards, his hands keeping hers away and blocked from any movements. Apparently, his kinky sex do not need objects. She needed to stop him right now.

“Shower.” she barely managed.

“What?” Oliver said, looking Felicity right in the eyes.

“Shower! I need a shower, right now!” she said, now sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Okay! Do I have to understand something else than a shower?” he asked.

“No just a shower, please.” she said closing the door behind her.

“Not this… room” too late, she already closed the door.

Felicity’s POV

Okay that was close! Too close!! What the fuck is this room? Leather, leather everywhere with weird stuff. Handcuffs in a bowl. Handcuffs? Oh, damn! This is a sex room! Can’t believe it, this frat boy has a sex room! Not the time to look, time to shower. I go back to Oliver’s room and I find him looking a bit nervous and yet, still smiling. He was pointing to a door. Guess this is the bathroom.

“Weirdo!”

“Prude!” he laughed

I entered the room and, this time, I didn’t forget to lock the door. Razor? I needed to find a razor because I’m pretty sure that in 2/3 days, give or take, I have grown hairs everywhere, especially down there! And I can’t have sex with Oliver like that.

First, he’ll notice in 2.1 seconds that my skin won’t be smooth as it should be. So I need a fucking razor. Come on, it can’t be possible! This is a fucking multi-billionaire bathroom, there has to be a razor. Nothing on the shelves, maybe this drawer? Oh god! Oliver is so girly sometimes, this drawer is full of moisturizing creams. This guy has moisturizing cream but no razor? I wonder what he’s doing. Is he thinking about me? He felt big, he was big. Brrr, he gives me shivers! I can’t really imagine that I’m going to have sex with him… bit unreal to me. Is he, you know, boxing Oscar? Hand-to-gland combat? Playing Uno? Thinking about me? Damn, still no razor! I mean, I do it, you know having fun with myself, when the tensions is huge. He probably did it, at least once. STOP shivering Felicity!

“YES!” Fuck! Do I always need to be loud? Anyway, I finally found my razor!

“Felicity, is everything okay?” Yes Oliver, I’m okay…. Gosh! “Don’t dare to have fun without me!” Lord, this boy have his head screwed right!

“Yeah! Don’t worry, I’m almost finished.” Liar, liar! Skirt in fire! Oh yes, my skirt is definitely in fire!

General POV

Felicity is finally having her shower and she’s taking extreme care to not leave a hair on her. Under arms, legs, bikini, nothing was forgotten. She took a towel to dry herself. Felicity felt nervous; she
was preparing for imminent sex. She never did that before. She rolled the towel around her, re-arranged her hair in a messy sexy way, took a long breathe and started walking to the door. Her hand on the knob, she took another deep breathe.

“I can do it! I’m totally ready for him! I can do it! After the dream, the reality!” she repeated to herself like a mantra. “Here goes nothing!” she said.

She opened the door and rested her back on it. She was sexy. Felicity felt the adrenaline rushing through her veins. She was excited, very excited. Oliver noticed the sound of the opening door. His mouth went dry, not a sound coming from it.

“So, about this shower.” she said with her most sexy voice. Meanwhile she trailed her hand up to her breast.

Oliver’s blood was rushing to his penis, making him hard. He stood up from his desk and gave Felicity time to understand how she was affecting him. He walked to her in his underwear. Felicity lost a bit of her bravery when she noticed Oliver’s boner. She was singing her mantra in her head but it was useless. She was desperately nervous. Oliver was a head and a half taller than Felicity when she’s not wearing heels. He slowly bent to her, his mouth resting millimeters from hers before finally crashing on her lips. Oliver grabbed Felicity by her hair, and pressed her body between him and the doorframe. She felt a nice heat slowly building up in her belly, something she hadn’t felt for a long time. She grabbed Oliver’s arm, the one in her hair, but he immediately drew it away. Oliver lifted Felicity into the bedroom. Oliver’s kisses were devastating, nothing felicity ever felt before. Those kisses were burning her, it was so good she couldn’t stop. She was barely breathing, totally lost in his mouth. Felicity felt some kind of hard mattress beneath her. Once she was on it, Oliver stopped kissing her.

“Get this towel off you.” ordered Oliver.

And as Oliver ordered, Felicity obeyed. Meanwhile, he went to a drawer and took one blindfold and two ropes.

“Aaaaand those are for me, I guess?” Her nervousness was back.

“You need to learn how to not talk, love.” he said laughing.

“Right! No talking!”

“Do you trust me? Asked Oliver.

She looked at him, wanting to talk.

“You can speak Felicity…” he permitted.

“Yes, I do!”

“So submit yourself to me. Trust me. The more you submit, the more pleasure you’ll have. Okay?” he explained to her.

“Okay, let’s try this…” Felicity said with a small voice.

“Remember that orange…” He didn’t have the time to finish his sentence that Felicity start to talk.

“-Is for signaling you that I’m near my limit and red – well, red is when I cannot stand anything anymore. I’m not an idiot, I can remember.” She said feeling hurt.
“That’s my girl!” he said, laughing. Even in the kinkiest situation, Felicity would always be Felicity. “Close your eyes.” Oliver was now serious.

He put the blindfold over her eyes. She felt lost in the darkness until Oliver’s hand grabbed hers. Felicity felt the rope going around her right wrist, then the other wrist. Being attached to the bed was the first time for her and she felt small, dominated, and weird but, at the same time, she was more excited. She felt more pleasure when Oliver start kissing her right wrist, slowly getting down to her forearm. He continued to go down until her collarbone. He kissed, licked, sucked, bit her flesh. He spent a long moment on this part of Felicity’s body. Felicity was moaning, the heat in her belly grew more intense after every touch or kiss from Oliver.

He cupped her breasts, massaging them slowly then faster. He was playing with her body like in those dreams he had about her. Oliver licked her nipples, he bit them softly, nothing harmful for Felicity. Her first climax was near. She felt it. Each lick, each bite of her nipples got her closer and closer. He bite her under her left breast, over her heart and she screamed.

Oliver left her chest and started kissing her belly, where the heat was consuming her. His hands where on Felicity’s inner thigh, slowly getting to her sex. She was heavily breathing, another climax was near. For a moment, Felicity felt cold, she couldn’t feel Oliver anymore. She wanted to call him but knew it was useless, he didn’t want her to behave like that. She waited for few more seconds when she felt Oliver’s arms wrapping around her legs and he bent slowly to kiss her inner thighs. Felicity was in heaven, no one had ever done what Oliver was doing to her. She felt like a woman, desired. Like every woman on Earth ever dreamt of. She knew the best was to come, he was only kissing her inner thighs after all. Her moans got louder and louder. Oliver lightly touched Felicity’s clitoris. She was extremely wet, every move he made gave her chills and got her closer to her second orgasm.

Oliver was like a little boy on Christmas day, in the moment he unwraps his gifts. Felicity was a gift to him. He dreamt of her a lot. Sometimes it was just common things like having breakfast together, while other times it was hot and wild. He paused for a second, watching her, totally oblivious of what she was dealing with. A thin layer of sweat made her skin glitter. Her mouth was partly open, letting the heat out of her. At this sight, Oliver lifted up his head till he was at the same level with Felicity’s and kissed her. Felicity was surprised. She wanted to put her arms around Oliver’s neck but the ropes tied to her wrist stopped her. She let out a small sound of dissatisfied which made Oliver smile.

“Stay put…” Oliver ordered. “Or you’ll get punished”

Oliver bent to her pussy. He first blew a bit at her clitoris and it drove her crazy. Her body was asking for more, so Oliver blew again, this time ripping a long moan from her throat. She wanted more and she was ready for more. For more than two years she was ready for him. He played with her clitoris, licking, sucking until he heard Felicity coming loud. He threw away his boxers and positioned himself just in front of her.

He slowly entered, letting her get used to him. Oliver started to move, going faster and faster. Felicity couldn’t handle it anymore and screamed her pleasure. The heat totally consuming her, each part of her body was a large bonfire. All that mattered to her was right there; Oliver and her. Oliver, thrusting into her, bent his head to her breast. He was adding gasoline to the fire that was Felicity Smoak. She wanted to be able to touch him, but the ropes were still there. Oliver was getting higher, leaving a line of kiss between her collarbones, her neck, and her jaw to finally reach her mouth. Felicity, to show her frustration of not being able to touch him, bit his lips.

“Oh … you shouldn’t ever do that…” Oliver said, withdrawing from her. “I’m going to punish you,
Felicity.”

Oliver untied Felicity from the bed. She massaged her wrist for before feeling Oliver’s hand pulling her to him.

“On your knees, your back facing me.” Felicity obeyed. “I’m going to count them. 1!”

Oliver spanked her. She arched her body to the contact of Oliver’s hand, hard on her skin. Even though the pain was present, she liked it. The electricity rushed through her veins. Oliver continued to spank her but on the thirteenth, she only felt the pain. The pleasure wasn’t there anymore. She tried to stand two more before signaling Oliver.

“Red, Oliver! Red!” She yelled at him.

“Alright. Wait a second.” Oliver went to his room to get a bottle of water. “Here, drink water.”

“Sorry.” She felt shy and ashamed of not being able to handle the spanking. “And thank you”

“Don’t apologize, you did great for a first time, believe me,” Oliver said nicely to her.

“Is that supposed to be relaxing? Your ‘believe me’, because it isn’t!” She said before taking a sip of her water.

“You know why you are doing great? You talk to me, drinking water with the blindfold still on you,” he said.

“Oh yeah, right. I kinda like it like that.” she admitted.

“Really? Well, you can still keep it. We could continue where we left before the biting? If you can handle few more climaxes.” he offered to her while kissing her neck.

“That is a great idea.” She said. For the first time, she could touch Oliver’s face with her hand. She brought his face to hers and kissed him. Oliver slipped his hand between Felicity’s thighs, giving her a massage. He continued until he felt her ready for him and penetrates her. She was a bit tight at the beginning, but he gave her a moment to adjust back to him before starting to move in her. The heat in Felicity’s belly was building up again, this time nothing would stop it. She was on the edge of her orgasm but wasn’t the only one. He was thrusting against Felicity’s core snatch her screams at each stroke. Felicity was in heaven. It was the most powerful orgasm she ever had. She felt a warm heat getting all over her. All of her muscles contracting. She was shining. It wasn’t finished for Oliver. He continued to come and go more rapidly. Felicity couldn't stop screaming her pleasure when she felt Oliver join her in this state of happiness.

He collapsed on her. She was heavily breathing when he kissed her. She removed the blindfold to finally look him in the eyes.

“That was awesome, Oliver.” she said.

“You were awesome, Felicity.” he corrected.

“Let’s say we were awesome,” she said. “You killed me, do you know that?”

“I know, it’s just that I like hearing you moaning. It is so exciting”

Felicity couldn’t say a word and blushed instead.

“Don’t be ashamed. You are beautiful,” Oliver said.
“It’s just that, you know, I’m not that comfortable when people are *that* kind honest with me. I’m not used to it.” she explained.

“I understand but don’t feel ashamed with me. Let’s hit the shower and then sleep a bit. We need to go back to the lair.”

“For a moment, I totally forgot about that part of our lives.” she whispered.

“Don’t move, let me carry you.”

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*Later at the lair*

An alarm was ringing on the computers. A window was popping up on the left screen with some names and locations on it. Diggle thought about the current case they were working on but wasn’t one hundred percent sure since no title was given to this list. He was upset with this alarm annoying him. Desperate, he pressed all the buttons of the keyboard, trying to make the noise stop.

“For god’s sake, Felicity where are you?” he asked to himself.

“Call me and here I am.” she said.

“How are you?” he said, hugging her.

“I’m fine, super fine, but John, right now, I start to feel a bit crushed,” she finished, laughing.

“Right, sorry. Could you please make them shut up?” he said pointing the computers. “My head is going to blow!”

“Diggle! Be nice to them! Come,” she said, sitting at her desk. “Next time, just press Alt+TAB+E, it will stop the alarm and send me an email.”

“Right, Alt+TAB+E! Got it, thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome! So, what did you do those past two days? Is Lyla fine?” she asked while reading the news.

“Well, thank you for asking. When you two disappeared—” Felicity gave him a look that said ‘we-did-not-disappear!’. “Yes, you did! Anyway, I came here a couple of times, you know, just to check on things and then I went back home with Lyla. She’s fine. Well, fine enough when you’re pregnant, you know how it is?”

“I actually don’t know how it is to be pregnant but I can imagine how it could be. On me or in … me?” she said. “I guess, it could be funny! Or not. Because if it’s anything like when I have my periods, the father is pretty screwed! I’m not funny at all, I eat too much, always pee, I cry a lot… I don’t even know why. I mean, yes I do know why but what I meant is that I shouldn’t be crying like a poor little four year old girl whose Barbie doll was stolen…”

“Felicity, girl talk!”

“Right, girl talk, sorry”
“Anything new?” Said Oliver, running down the stairs.

“Felicity is checking the list,” said Diggle.

“Which list?” Oliver said, putting his hand on Felicity’s shoulder.

“While we were … away… the SCPD arrested a guy. They found, in his jacket, this drug which is actually called Venereae. It’s Latin for erotic. Anyway, they also found a micro SD card in his watch with this list,” she said, reading the report copy she had from the police. “For the moment this list is totally unreadable but, in a few hours, it will be! My babies are working on it!” she said with pride.

“Okay, call me when you have news. Diggle, go back home. Get some rest!” he said resting his free hand on Diggle’s shoulder.

“I won’t turn down this offer! Thanks man! I will see you two tomorrow.” he said, standing up and looking for his car key.

“See ya, Dig!” said Felicity.

Oliver waited to hear the armored sheet metal door close before finally talking.

“Are you okay?” he asked carefully.

“Yes, I am. Why are you asking?” said Felicity, slowly turning her chair to face him instead of her computers.

“That was your first time. Are your wrists and ankles okay?”

“Oh god! I wasn’t expecting this talk, right now.”

“You are turning red.”

“This is not helping…” she said with a small voice.

“I like it, a lot.”

She looked at him, feeling wanted. She was not used to this feeling, she was not used to have this kind of attention or even just attention. They stared for few seconds before she opened her mouth.

“They are fine, a bit sore but nothing serious,” she said.

“Fine, I don’t want you to be truly hurt!”

“I won’t, I trust you.”

“Lord!” he said, looking up to the roof. “How could you be this innocent and, at the same time, that tempting?”

“Stop making me feel uncomfortable. Like you said, this was my first time. Let me get used to it and they we could level up.”

“Pardon me?” he said with a big smile on his face.

“You perfectly heard me, Oliver Queen!”

“You’re not funny”
“Said the guy who never laughs! Go train or do something, please?” she said more like a favor than an order.

“Oh what?” he said, getting extremely close to her lips. She was speechless. Oliver’s heat surrounding her. All she could do was to sail her gaze between his eyes and his mouth.

“Or what?” he repeated slowly.

“Or I might lost control.” she said.

Oliver’s lips barely touched Felicity’s before he was away, starting to train with salmon ladder. She tried to collect herself but she couldn’t do it right now. She wanted him badly, but he turned her down. She felt ashamed and silly for believing in this relationship.

“Don’t feel bad, I want you in all the ways that can be possible but you need to rest. If I kiss you right now, you’ll be far from resting,” he said while hanging by his arms.

“Right.” Felicity couldn’t stop this feeling of shame.

“Tonight, when we finish the day, I’ll drive you back to your place and you’ll pack a bag of clothes. Then, we will go the mansion,” said Oliver.

“Alright, let’s do that.”

For the rest of the evening, none of them said a word. Felicity was working on that list and Oliver trained. Oliver went to the Korean restaurant near Verdant to order take outs for them. Once he arrived at the lair, he found Felicity very focused on her screens.

“Felicity, time to eat!”

“No, before that, you have to come and take a look at this! It’s a list of names, cities and numbers,” she said.

Benoît Brunet – Paris – 051414:0517

Colin Marble – Los Angeles – 021312:0651

Jack Napier – Gotham – 111908:1048

XiaÓ Maí Xing – Beijing – 113113:0430

Priyanka Sharma – Mumbai – 082814:0115

Tiffany McGuire – New York – 090810:0735

Sir Edsic – London – 070406:1111

Claudía Semedo Gomes Pereira – Brasilia – 062812:0032

Kim Jan Di – Seoul – 102413:1256

Ray Palmer – Star City – 021611:0739

Coast City – Hal Patterson – 041819:0939

Gabrielle De Halover – Amsterdam – 080109:1009
“What kind of list is this? There is no sense!” said Felicity.

“There must be! Don’t you have some software for decrypting those numbers?” asked Oliver.

“Stop doing those kind of things! It really hurts me that you guys ask me the things, like I didn’t think about it before,” she said, turning her chair to look at him.

“I am -” He was cut by the bip sound of the computers.

“Lucky you!” She turned back to face her screens. “Seems there’s more”.

Thomas Lebro – Central City – 120514:0856
Lex Luthor – Metropolis – 091514:0745
Felicity Smoak – Starling City – 112814:1032

“What am I doing on this list?” She turned to Oliver looking at his eyes. She was lost and afraid. What were those numbers?

“Felicity, you’re off!” he said.

“No, no! No! I can’t be off! This is much too important! I can’t be off!” she argued.

“Listen to me!” he said, grabbing her by her shoulders. “You are going to stay at home till you discover what those number are! Don’t even think to argue! Let’s go!” Oliver said.

The chapter 11 is finally done! You guys must be hating me, I upload a chapter every month and I’m sorry! I swear, I’ll try to write a bit faster. I am so happy when I see your reviews! They are so much encouraging! You guys deserve to read a good story and I’ll try to give you one thanks to arrow-through-my-writers-block and Xander from thebetaservice . com

I want to know what your thought about my first sex scene are! Even in one word! Chapter 12 is coming, I already wrote 4 pages (basically half of of the chapter). From now on, I’ll try to write a little bit faster.

xxx
“When you said home, earlier, you weren’t implying mine, right? Why do I have the feeling you, actually, enjoying that… Me being here, at your place. Alone together, except for the people who are working here. Knowing that no one can disrupt us without being background checked before…” Felicity said before being cut off by Oliver.

“Felicity, one more word and I punish you.”

“Really?” she stopped halfway of the kitchen. Raising an eyebrow at him, looking at his eyes and biting her lips. “Only one word?” she whispered to him in her sexiest voice before running to the kitchen.

“Felicity Smoak, you are going to be the death of me…” said Oliver before joining her.

“Hello Mr. Oliver!” said Raisa.

“Hello Raisa, this is Felicity Smoak!” he said hugging her.

“Hello Miss Smoak!”

“Hi Raisa, please call me Felicity. I hate it when people call me by last name, makes me think about my time in college.”

“Okay, Miss Felicity. Do you want me to cook something for both of you?” said Raisa.

“No, we’re fine. Thank you.” said Oliver.

During the whole exchange between Raisa and Oliver, Felicity was watching Oliver. She tried to notice everything she could. He was different with Raisa. He was more relaxed, he never was like that. He always has a worried look, even when he's looking at her. This woman means a lot to him, probably because she was the one who always was with him. She was more than happy to be here with him and to be a witness of this moment. She loved Oliver, that was a statement, but she couldn’t help wondering if he has feelings for her. Not that she had a doubt on him, she knows he has feelings for her but let’s face it. Are those feelings real and deep? Or are they just ephemeral? The only thing she was sure, was the lust he had for her. Being his partner allowed her to discover a new part of him, the one that was precociously hidden from everyone. His luxurious secret, their luxurious secret.

Felicity closed her eyes, allowing herself to remember their first time. His touch, she mostly remembers his touch. Being blindfolded, she couldn’t keep any visual memory. When his skin touched hers, she felt the electricity running in her veins. Oliver’s hands brought her electricity but when he switched his hands in his mouth she was on fire. The kind of fire that never stop, the one who burn you from the inside but keep you warm outside. She wished, at the moment, to be able of seeing him or touch him back, but at the end she doesn’t regret anything because she loved everything he gave her. Even the spanking, Felicity will be lying if she wasn’t a little bit afraid of that contract she signed where they were no end date, but she was already ready to give her life for him, so what was a contract with spanking, blindfolds and leather whip. When she opened her eyes, she noticed two tiny blue eyes looking at her. For Felicity, from any parts of Oliver body and mind, his eyes were her favorite parts. Those eyes gave her the access of his mind. The people who are close to him knows that Oliver is not a man of many words, but everything that goes on in his mind of
every feeling he has been apparent in those two tiny blue round shapes.

“Love, you are staring…” said Oliver. It doesn’t bother him at all. He likes it, being the center of Felicity’s attention.

“Sorry, I was thinking.” she said looking away.

“Thinking of what?”

“Not you!” she answered too quickly.

“Which part of me?” he said opening the fridge.

“How did… Your face. I was looking at your face.” she admitted shyly.

“And may I know why?” he said in a curious tone, getting the vegetables out.

“I love your eyes, they allow me to see you through a little bit.” she said, looking everywhere except at Oliver.

“Please don’t be shy. I like it a lot when you let your heart talk.” He took a small break before saying “Do you want to know more about my time in the island?”

“Yes and no. Yes, I would love to know more about your time in the island and no because I, actually, want to know from day one of your life…” she said.

“Fine, but I have one small condition.”

“Okay, tell me.” She said.

“Tell me more about you and your past.” he said.

“There’s nothing much to say about me. Cocktail waitress mom, dad out of the picture, no siblings that I’m aware of, IT expert, 24 years old. See nothing interesting.”

“Felicity…” he scolded her.

“Okay… Hum, like you know my name is Felicity Meagan Smoak, I’m 26 years old. Born in Salt Lake City but raised in Las Vegas. Till my 7, I was the non-interesting girl that plays with no one during the breaks, but one day we had tech class and Mrs. Maccabi brought with her three computers. Windows 98 SE, if I remember. She asked us to line up and wait for our turn, so when came mine I ran to them. I felt so lucky to touch the computers. We couldn’t afford one at that time, so I was very happy to see one for real and touch it. They quickly became my friend, my only friend actually. I was so busy trying to understand everything about them that I didn’t even care if I talked to real people. I felt so safe with them, they are predictable and drama free. Anyway, that’s how I became a geek. Years later, I was thirteen, I ran away from my biological mom and went to my aunt, Talia.”

“I didn’t know that…” said Oliver, offering her a glass of wine.

“Thank you and how could you know? I don’t talk about my past because it’s perfect where it is. Forgotten. Those fights, to me, were the most complicated thing that I ever had to deal with. I think, I prefer be used as a bait to some serial killer than going back at that time of my life again…” she said.

“We all made mistakes, love”
“I don’t believe in mistakes. Mistakes makes us who we are. They lead me here, with you… To me, mistakes are only choices. Sometimes they’re good, sometimes they’re bad. No mistakes, only choices.” she said drinking the wine Oliver offered her.

“Don’t change, please.” said Oliver.

“I won’t.” she said, looking at his eyes.

They stayed like this few more seconds before Oliver remembers it was time to eat since they didn’t bring the Korean takes out with them.

“Hum… chicken and veggies cooked with a wok. Red wine and for the end, a Fondant au Chocolat, voilà!” he said, pride of his meal suggestion and Felicity’s head when he spoke French.

“Sorry, come again…” she said

“Fondant au Chocolat” he said, pointing to the desert.

“Oh my god! Oliver Queen, you’re going to be the death of me! Molten chocolate inside chocolate cake… with strawberries” she added when she saw them. “Do you want me to have a mouth orgasm?” she said not giving attention to the meaning of her question.

“Well, I won’t lie! I thought about it sometimes, but as much as I want it, we should wait for that. A little bit too soon for you, don’t you think?” he said, putting the chicken meat in the wok with the vegetables.

“Oliver!” chocked Felicity on her wine. “You… I… Hum… We… Huh… I’m sorry. C-can you develop?”

“I’m messing with you, love.” He said laughing at her.

“This is really not funny…”

“Oh yes, it is!” he said, walking to her. “But one day, it will be true.” he gave her one peck on her lips.

“Alright! Another sex-confession…” she said.

“Felicity, I already told you. There’s no need to be shy with me. If you want something, I’ll be more than happy to give it to you. Anytime, anywhere.” He winked at her.

“I’ll try.” she said, looking through the window her cheeks burning her.

“Where were we? Right! Good! Good! Time to eat!” he said, pouring the food on the plates. “Bon appétit!”

“It smells really good! Thank you.”

They stayed in silence for a moment, enjoying the meal and each other company before Felicity ended it.

“Now that my whole closet is in your bedroom. That I’ve rested and ate. Can I work on that list? It’s very stressful to not knowing what those numbers are after my name.” she said.

“Right, of course. You remember your way up to the room?”
“I’ll manage, don’t worry.”

“By the way, you can use my computer over your tablet.” He offered to her.

“Don’t worry, I have my babies.” She smiled at him.

“The bags, right? That’s why they were really heavy…” he said, finally understanding.

“Well, while you were busy packing my whole closet in those bags up there, I went packing my techs in the sport bags.” She said.

“Tehs? How many babies of yours have you brought?” he asked her.

“Well, two tablets, two system units and three monitors. I also wanted to bring the laptop with the offline network, but I forgot it in the lair.” she said with a small voice and scratching her head.

“Geeks!” he said more to himself than to her.

“It’s not like you have the best computer ever and a secure internet connection.” She snaps back.

“Go before I catch you!” he said laughing.

Felicity ran to the bedroom they shared. He told her since they are doing this, both of them being together and with this weird list, it will be better to share his room and he added that it wasn’t the first time. She looked at Oliver bedroom, looking for some place for her computers. Oliver’s desk could be big enough if she moves a little bit Oliver’s computer and toss the other things away, but she still is searching for an another place. The coffee table near the TV furniture could be perfect if it wasn’t this low. She hesitated for a few minutes before picking Oliver’s desk. She took the desk lamp with the metal sculpture of the globe and put the lamp on the floor near the desk but put the sculpture on the bookshelves. She pushed on the small table near the desk Oliver’s computer and put all of the other small stuffs in the drawers, leaving a clean, big space for her babies as she likes to call them.

She started to install them, taking extreme precautions when it came to the system units. Those two metal boxes were all of her fortune. She invested a lot of money when she had to choose each part of them. Felicity switched on the computers, it took fifteen seconds before the home screen appeared on the three Lenovo ThinkVision LT3053p monitors. She quickly connected the computer with internet and did what she always do when she connects her babies to an unknown internet connection which is secure it, boost it and use the most important software she created: her VPN. Oliver’s internet connection was very insecure, instead of thirty minutes, it took her one hour to secure it properly and boost it. When she finally came to the VPN part, she needed to hack the main internet router to implant her VPN, but Oliver lives in a huge mansion, he probably has one main router in each floor and wings to properly cover all of the rooms. Felicity starts hacking into the mansion network, when she finally found the main internet router of her floor, she let out a sigh of satisfaction. From now on, it will take her minutes to finish her operation that started more than an hour ago.

Felicity was finally able to work properly without worrying for her system. She took the number of the list and run an algorithm on them. Those numbers could be anything, tracking numbers, global positioning system coordinates or it could be anything even encrypted phone number. She let the algorithm work and focused on the names. She started with the first one on her list, Benoit Brunet. As she started digging through his life, she heard the alarm sound of her algorithm.

“Already?” she said totally surprised by the speed.

She opened the notification and saw the decrypted version of the list.
“Those numbers are dates and hours! It can’t be!” she wondered.

Usually Oliver has the perfect timing when it comes to asking her news, but this time, he wasn’t here. She took her phone and dialed his phone number.

“Felicity?” Oliver said.

“Where are you? Usually, you have the perfect timing.” she said

“At the gym. I needed to burn some energy.”

“Where? There’s no gym around your mansion, Oliver.”

“The gym is in the mansion, near the garage.” stated Oliver.

“Oh, right! Of course, it’s near the garage… Well, you need to get here quickly. I have news!” she said.

“Be there in a second.” he said, running up to his room.

A few minutes after, he opened the door of his room. He was wearing nothing else than a cargo pants, running trainers and a towel around his neck. Even if it wasn’t the first time Felicity saw him shirtless and sweating, she always reacted the same way. Her eyes get locked on his torso and she
could spend hours trying to guess each scar he has.

“Felicity, what’s the news?” he asked her.

He wasn’t looking at her at all but to his empty desk, and to his missing stuffs. He noticed his desk lamp on the floor and the metal sculpture of the globe on the bookshelves but that’s all. Everything else, disappeared from his sight. She only let the photo of him and his father on the desk.

“This is, I think, a dead pool.” she said, afraid.

“What?” he said, surprised by Felicity’s words.

“Yes, look!” she said, pointing to her right monitor. “The list has dead people and not dead people like me, in it. Oliver, there are dates, hours, locations. This is a dead pool.” she explained.

“This make no sense! Why are you in it? That Lex Luthor is in it, I understand… but you! This makes no sense at all!” Oliver said, scratching his temple trying understand the logic of this list.

“Who are the other people? Do you know them?” asked Oliver.

“Beside Lex Luthor and Ray Palmer, no I don’t know any of them. I start a manual search but there are so many people, I let the computer work alone.” she said.

“You met Lex Luthor?” he asked, curious about the story.

“Yes. It was at your gala. You know, the one where you were drugged? He tried, and I quote, ‘to seduce me’.” she said as if it was something usual.

“What?!” he yelled.

“He asked me if I let him seduce me, exactly… Actually, if he wasn’t that weird, small and too gentleman, I could have dated him or…” said unconsciously Felicity. This time, she said too much for Oliver. He had to stop her before he loses control.

“Felicity” growls Oliver.

“Sorry!” she said, when she looked at his eyes. They were full of anger, the dominant side of Oliver was out.

“Do not ever let another man than I talk to you like that or even touch you like he probably did.” said Oliver with a cold voice.

“What about Digg? If I need stitches?” she asked quickly. Even though Oliver was a scary dominant, Felicity is Felicity. Her boldness will always be there.

“If only I’m not there or if I’m heavily injured. Otherwise, I’ll be the only one to train you, nurse you if you are injured and be the only one with whom you’ll be intimate. Understood?” said Oliver. He was mad, but he still tried to control his anger. His beast inside him yell him to take her right now, on the desk.

She looked at him, in the eyes. She wasn’t able to say a word. She felt sorry because her rumblings were really out of control, angry at herself because she should be controlling her ‘word-vomit’, she felt intimidated by Oliver and his aura. So much angriness was out of him right now.

“Is it understood, Felicity?” he said, almost growling at her like a beast which made her blench.

“Y-yes!” she was really intimidated by him and his powerful voice. He bent to her, resting his hands
on the armrests. He moved closer to her mouth, really close. Enough close to allow Felicity to feel the heat coming out of his tense body. She thought he was going to kiss her, nothing sweet and lovely. She thought of something more beastly, more violent, harder, that will make him release the beast and punish her, but instead of that, he followed her jaw line really akin of her skin. When she felt the warm heat in her ear, her back arched and chills were running her body.

“Good. You’re in luck, today. If we weren’t working, you’ll be punished for a long time. Severely, punished.” He slowly whispered to her, letting all the words sink into her mind. “Now, that we know what we know, you will come with me, every morning for four hours of training.” He said biting her shoulder.

Felicity, unconsciously put her hands over his, digging her nails into his skin. She wanted him to punish her right now, not matter what it takes. She’ll endure it. She really wanted to grab his head and kiss him like there’s no tomorrow. She wanted his hand all over her naked skin. She wanted to feel him on her. Felicity Smoak was heavily addicted to Oliver Queen, but she knows she has to be extremely careful, because there’s no happy ending for a drug addict.

“You want me to kiss you, right?” he said, his mouth millimeters to hers. All she could do is nodding to express her words. He brushes her lips with his own, as a kind of game for him but felt like torture by Felicity. “Not right now, love.” And he left her. She was not feeling good at all. Her heart rate is high, her skin is burning, and the lust is building in every fiber of her body. She was wet, horny. All of her was asking, begging him to make her his, now. She stood up, one of her hands in her hair down, the other on her hip. She was thinking of what she should do. No one, ever, has made her feel like that. She looked at the room, using her right hand as a fan. When she spotted the door that lead to the bathroom, she ran to it. She quickly undresses herself and entered the shower. She opens the tap, allowing the cold water to flow over her. The cold water was a blessing from the god to her. It allowed her to calm down before leaving quickly the shower and bundling up in a fluffy bathrobe.

She went straight to bed, after all it was 2:38 am. She needed to sleep at least six hours before going to work. She put on her pajama, a white T-shirt with ‘Friends don’t let friends drink friends – True Blood’ and a red short. She slipped under the sheets, feeling really horny. Oliver’s scent was everywhere. It’s amazing, when you are in love with someone and have an insatiable desire for the man you love, how you could easily be turned on just by his scent. The weight of the whole week she had, pushed her into the deepest sleep.

It was around 10 a.m. when she woke up, the next morning. For the first time in months, she felt a little bit more rested than the usual. Her right hand went looking for her phone, tapping everywhere near her pillow. When she finds it, she finally opens her eyes, reading the lock screen.

“Monday, May 7th – 10:39 a.m.…” she read a first time, before opening wildly her eyes and read the lock screen a second time. “Monday, May 7th – 10:39 a.m.!! For god’s sake, I’m late!”

She jumped out of the bed, running to the shower, undressing herself in the meantime. She took the quickest shower of her lifetime. She did the basic: hair, body, intimates and mouth. Combing the hair and the intimates, and mouth with the body.

She was out before 10:50 a.m., she took the first dress she saw in the first bag, looked for her underwear and her shoes. She looked in every bag she brought.

“What?! He forgot my shoes! I can’t believe he forgot my shoes!” she said, emptying her bags on the floor. Suddenly, an idea came to her. She stood up and ran to the corridor. She gave a look to her right, seeing a dead end, so she runs to the other side. She looked at every door on the long, very long corridor. When she spotted it, she stopped and took two minutes to calm her breathing. She
thanked her mother who passed her the genes of “you-can-run-5-minutes-without-breaking-a-sweat” before knocking on the door.

“Hi Thea, you probably don’t remember me… I’m Felicity, I’m working for your brother as he’s EA. I was the unknown blond one who came to visit M. Steele with Oliver at hospital. By the way, I think I’m dating your brother, and I swear to god, I won’t babysit him, EVER! So, I would like to know, are you a size 8? Because Oliver, this jerk, packed everything in my place except my shoes and I definitely can go to work barefoot… So please will you help me…” she said with her puppy look.

“Oh, right! You’re the weird blond that said my boyfriend is an ex-con… You’re lucky, I’m an 8.5. Come here!” she said, opening the door, letting Felicity enter.

“I’m weird?” she said, following Thea to her dressing room.

“Pick anything, but if you want my opinion, those black, dusky Louboutin peep toes, heels match very well your emerald dress” She said pointing the shoes.

“Oh, right! You’re the weird blond that said my boyfriend is an ex-con… You’re lucky, I’m an 8.5. Come here!” she said, opening the door, letting Felicity enter.

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“Pick anything, but if you want my opinion, those black, dusky Louboutin peep toes, heels match very well your emerald dress” She said pointing the shoes.

“Really? The Louboutin’s? You’re sure about that? Because, I could totally break them with my lack of luck…” she said.

“Yes!” she said, turning to him. When she noticed the look he has, she quickly contradicted. “I mean, no… and yes! Yes for you forgetting my shoes and not waking me up for work. And no for you being protective.” She said.

“Right, we will see that later… About work, happens, you have a lot of days off not taken so I’ve
put you on vacations.

“What? Really? What about you? I don’t want people to think we went for some kind of sex-vacations… Because last time, with Isobel, people thought we went for a ménage à trois in Russia… So please, go to work!” she said.

“No, I won’t! I’m staying with you. Diggle knows what is happening with us, everything… So he agreed to appear every two nights as the Arrow till the end of this dead pool mystery. I can’t let you alone.” Said Oliver.

“Right, he knows… and what does he know?” said Felicity, turning back to Diggle.

“Felicity, I know.” said Diggle with a particular tone making her slowly realize what he meant.

“Yes… know? Oh, you know!” she realized.

“Yes and obviously I never thought of you being interested in this kind of relationship. Again, I was wrong!” said Diggle.

Felicity couldn’t say a word. Her cheeks burning her up. She felt so out of place, she wanted to keep this relationship hidden and obviously she wanted to make a pass on the nature and the depth of their relationship. She never thought about telling Diggle or anyone else, what she was experiencing with Oliver. It felt so dirty and naughty to her ears, even though she just thought the ideas. She like the idea of intimacy, secret relationship. The one that is supposed to consume you, burn you, destroy you, but at the same time makes you feel unique and passionately loved and desired. The one that let visible scars…

“Alright,” said Oliver, who felt the discomfort of Felicity. “We have a lot to discuss, especially after what Felicity found out yesterday.”

“Feel free to fill the blanks.” said Diggle, looking at Felicity.

“Well, I found out the list was some kind of dead pool and I’m on it. Basically, there’s no prices wrote. Only dates and hours. The other thing is, how come we never ever heard of this list? It’s been going on for years now. The first one was in 2006. I think, my deadline is November 28th, 2014 at 10:32. Question: a.m. or p.m.?" she said, trying to make smile the boys, but they looked ten times serious than ever. “Alright, no jokes! So what do we do?” asked Felicity.

“Oliver, we can’t make her disappear till the end of December. We need to act normal, it's better right now.” Proposed Diggle.

“Yes…” confessed Oliver. Obviously, keeping Felicity hidden till the end was in his mind, but he knew he needed another plan. One he could work on without letting anyone on the dark market or the vigilante market knows. “What do we know about the others?” he asked to Felicity, but still looking in the eyes.

“Well, I’ve started to look on Benoît Brunet but I was… cut… on my research. But, I found nothing this guy is an IT boy of some French companies. He’s white! I’ve done some crossing search before I went to sleep, let’s see what we got!” she said opening the walk to Oliver’s bedroom. She checked the monitors, looking for the answers the terribly needed, but unfortunately nothing came up like she wished. “Nothing interesting, they all are IT experts. Got their degrees at MIT or at some big school from their countries. Basically, this is useless.”

“No,” cut Diggle. “We know they’re targeting IT experts. The question is why IT experts? To who
those people are related? Are they like us, working with a vigilante?”

“Great! While you do that, I’m going to check with the Bravta. If something that big is happening, they know everything we need” said Oliver.

“The last time we went there, they were very convincing about you not coming back there,” said Diggle, trying to calm the lion in Oliver.

“I’m a captain, they follow my orders. If they’re not happy, they know how it ends.” said Oliver, looking deadly serious.

“Alright! I’m staying here with Felicity. Give us a call when it’s over.” said Diggle, putting a hand on Felicity’s shoulder.

“I will.” said Oliver.

The drive to the garage where the Bravta met was very long in Oliver’s mind. He never felt this urge to solve a case, even when it was on the island and Sara was kidnapped or else. He was thinking about how, in less than 2 weeks, he became this close and addict to Felicity. She was everything he needed, even though he never says it out loud. He liked the fact that she was two heads smaller than him without heels, the fact that her body is thin and not too muscular. The fact she has no filter between her mouth and her brain. The fact that she’s not afraid of him and on top of everything, the fact she don’t judge him.

He parked the car near the garage, got out and get his LA KINGS cap.

“Dobroye utro!” (Good morning!) said Oliver, when he spotted a shadow.

“Gospodin Queen… Chto privelo vas syuda?” (Mister Queen… What brings you here?) said an old voice coming from afar.

“Tam v mertvykh basseyn proiskhodit, tak kak dolgoye vremya !. Chto ty znayesh' ob etom?” (There’s a dead pool going on, for a long moment. What do you know about it?) said Oliver, deadly serious.

“My slyshali o spiske . No snachala , davayte vyp'yem za kazhdogo zdorov'ya !” (We've heard about the list. But first, let's drink to each other health!) Said the old mechanic.

He poured two drinks of pure vodka. Giving one to Oliver.

“Nasdarov'ya” (Cheers) said Oliver.

“Nasdarov'ya” repeated the old man.

“So, what do you know about the list?” asked simply Oliver. He knew his way around the Bravta and as a captain, he could be quick regarding the answers he needed.

“We only know the list is going on for years now. One of our contact said it was related to a drug called venereae.” said the Russian man.

“But?” said Oliver, sensing the bad news.

“We also know that one person on the list is the contractor.”
“I need to know everything about this drug. Can you do that?” asked Oliver.

“Yes! What can’t we do for a captain, furthermore an American captain.” said the mechanic

“Spasiba! Da svidaniya!” said Oliver, who began to walk back to his car.

“Even though, you’re a captain, this is going to cost you.” said the old man, cleaning his hand with a rag.

“What do you want?” said Oliver, stopping his walk and not even bothering to turn his head.

“Next time, Mr. Queen, next time.” The mechanic said before leaving Oliver.

“Felicity, we need to talk.” said Diggle

“Diggle, please, don’t lecture me. I know what you’re gonna say and yes I’m well aware of the situation I’ve put myself in. Actually, I like it. I’m not going to lie, you know my feelings for Oliver. Everyone knows my feelings for Oliver, like it's written all over my face. I know this could end at any time and I also know, that I don’t care. Really! I want to enjoy it as much as possible as long as it last. If he sends me away, well… I deal with it. But I swear, John, I swear to you, I won’t let you down.” she said, looking right into Diggle’s eyes. She wanted to prove him her honesty. She understood the concern Diggle had about their relationship and she does have the same concern, but she wanted, for the first time of her life, to act without thinking the pros and the cons.

“I know, Felicity. I know, but I can’t help thinking this is going to end badly. Your feelings for Oliver are pure like you but he… he’s messed out. You have to be careful, okay?” said Diggle.

“Alright daddy! I’ll be careful!” She said, smiling.

“Alright, what have you on those people?”

ALRIGHT! This it, after a long wait, here’s the chapter 12. Way much longer than usual.

I think, I owe you an explanation for the wait…

I just got into my first year at university (In France, we don’t have college. When you graduate high school, you directly go to university.) I felt lost, my Uni is HUGE! Really, I basically need 10 minutes to just go from one side to another…

The mass of work they ask you is just awful! Like to read a 900 page book in one week or do an essay on some guy who died 1000 years ago…

I needed time to adapt and find a way into my thigh schedule for finishing this chapter. (Because the story is far from being over, we’re not even close to the ¼ of it!! Haha).
“Thomas Lebro. Age 36, single father. Son named Jim, age 9. Both of them are currently living in Central City. Thomas works at the S.T.A.R. Laboratories as a researcher in DNA structures and modification of stem cells. Last month, he filed a complaint about a certain Iskandar Petrosyan. He said: He felt threatened for his life and his son’s life. The cops never did a thing.” Said Felicity, reading the files she collected. “So, he’s a scientist. Okay, what does he have to do with this?” asked Diggle. “I don’t know, we need to cross multiple profiles to come to a common point which will take about 3 minutes.” She said.

“Alright, we should call Oliver. He’s with his CFO and his mother. Apparently Isabel Rochev is quite convincing.” stated Diggle.

“Oh, yes. I’ll do it.” She said. She took her phone and dialed Oliver’s phone number.

“Hey, babe. I can’t talk right now. I’m in a meeting.” said Oliver.

“You can’t talk… Really?! What about a dead pool? What about people dying? Or me in the freaking list? Huh?” said Felicity, a little too much stressed about the actual case.

“Hey, Tressy! I’m in a meeting, okay? I’ll come in an hour or 2!” whispered Oliver.

“What the…?” said Felicity.

“Hello Tressy. This is Oliver’s mother. He’ll come play with you when we will be done, is that alright for you?” said Moira in her most venomous voice. Oliver looked at her, totally shocked about his mother.

“Yes Ma’am!” said Felicity.

“Alright, that was scary and weird.” She said to Diggle.

“Well, at least, she didn’t know it was you.” said Diggle

“Why?” asked a curious Felicity.

“Because Moira Queen hates every woman who walks the earth and dates Oliver. Even for a short, very short time.” He stated.

“Oh! Well, there must be someone she liked, I mean, come on, she can’t hate all the girls Oliver dated.” She said.

“Well, I’ve heard, once, that Laurel was her favorite above all. Not sure though, okay?” he said when he saw the look on Felicity’s face.

“Come on Felicity, you’re ten times better than her. Believe me!” he said.

“Thanks Digg, but no that’s better if his mother doesn’t know who he is actually dating. If we can call that dating.” She said, turning back to her computer.

“Mom, you could have been nicer to Tressy. You don’t even know her!” he said, thinking about Felicity.

“And? I don’t care! No one is good enough for you! The only one who was great, was Laurel. But, you managed to cheat on her, with her sister! How nice of you!” she stated with a cold voice.

“Mom, Laurel and I are way done! I don’t love her anymore. Okay, she’ll always be important to me, but that’s all. I… I met a woman, two years ago. When I returned from the island. She’s just perfect mom, she’s…” said Oliver, trying to defend himself and Felicity’s honor at the same time.

“I don’t care, Oliver!” said Moira, before leaving the restaurant.

“So, my babies found some matching points between all of… us, I guess. Some people were selected for their wealth, others for their computer skills, some of their chemical knowledge. Gee, they picked us like we were some precious stones.” She said, shivering.

“Okay, I understand. But we’re missing something. We need to find some connecting points or someone we can go interrogate.” Said John, scratching his head.

“You, guys, can interrogate the others. The living one, obviously. But I need to find them.” Said Felicity.

“Okay, let’s do that.” Approved Diggle. Few hours later… Diggle and Felicity were walking out from the kitchen, after the intensive search Felicity felt hungry. They were happily talking when a bee flew all around them. Felicity jumped to John’s arms as quick as lightning. “KILL IT! PLEASE!” she said almost crying.

“What is happening here?” said a voice who froze Felicity right away.

“Mrs. Queen, what are you doing here?” asked John.

“This is my house, it’s pretty normal that I’m here. On the contrary, what are you doing here?” she asked, very coldly.

“I asked them to come, we have some important business to work through.” He said, giving a suspicious look to the both of them.

“So, Mom, I would really appreciate if you could let us work.” He said with one of his most beautiful smiles.

“Alright, if you need anything…” Moira Queen said.

“Thanks Mom.” Oliver said, already going to the up floor with Felicity and John on his heel.

“Goodbye, Mrs. Queen!” said Felicity.
When they reached the stairs, she let a breath out. Felicity was really stressed around the Ice Queen. That’s how she used to call her back in her IT department days.

“Oliver, I can’t stay here any longer. We cannot pretend to work each time she will see both of us here!” she said pointing Diggle and her.

“She is going to think that a couple of non-catholically things and Jewish too, happens here between the three of us… What? Oh, too much information… Sorry Digg!” she prepared herself to defend her case because she knew how ‘super-mega-too-much-beyond-craziness-jealous-over-protective’ Oliver is.

“I agree with you.” He said calmly.

“No, Oliver I can’t… What? Are you sick?” she asked, resting her hand on his forehead.

“Felicity, not the time for the games. And yes, you’re right. We need to move out.” He said, turning on the last corridor before his room.

“We? I never said a ‘we’.” She pointed.

“I did and don’t try to argue over that. My decision is made. We’re moving out tomorrow.” Said Oliver before closing the door of the bathroom.

“What is happening?” said Felicity, feeling totally lost.

“Oh, this is going to be funny!” said Diggle.

“You should get ready for your Q&A session instead of laughing!” she said, a bit angry.

_________________________

“Who are you working for?” asked the modified voice of Oliver.

“I-I don’t know, I don’t know!!” said the man sitting on a rickety chair that threatens to give up any time.

“Who?” growled Oliver, punching him hard in the face.

“I-I don’t know! I got the drug from a postal box.” Said the frightened dealer.

“When and where?” said Oliver.

“Don’t punch me! Each week or two, Friday usually, but the postal box changes every time. Last time it was near the club, Verdant. You know, the new club of that brat, Oliver Que… FUCK!” Oliver punched him right in the nose, only leaving blood and bad, very bad bruises.

“Why did you punch me?” asked the dealer.

“When do you know where you have to pick the packages?” asked Oliver, behind his hood.

“Every Friday morning. Th-they call me on a pre-paid phone.” He answered.

“Oliver, if you can just make a call from this phone, I’ll be able to track every texts or call.” Said Felicity through her intercom.
“Where’s your phone?” growled Oliver.

“Inside pocket!” he quickly said, too afraid of having another fist in his face and pointing his jacket with his face.

Oliver took the phone, and called the Big Belly burger, but hang up before anyone could answer. He looked deeply to the guy sat in front of him. He wondered how he should hand him to the cops. The guy was in bad shape. He decides to knock him off with another punch and to call Detective Lance.

“Felicity, connect me with Detective Lance.” He said.

“Okay, he’s on in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1…” she said.

“Hello, Detective.” he said in his synthetic voice.

“Come to the point!” said Quentin Lance.

“I have a drug dealer for you. He’s connected to the new drug on the streets. He’s sleeping on the back alley behind Coffeemania in the Glades.” Oliver said before disconnecting the call.

“Come back home now.” Said Felicity.

“Yes, I have to show you our new place…” said Oliver.

“Alright. Be safe, please!”. When Oliver arrived at the lair, he went straight to the bathroom and put back his daily clothes on. He was stressed. Felicity is moving into his apartment not the way he would want it. He wanted it to be smooth, despite his taste in the sex matter. He imagined asking her to move in after a couple of months, around dinner, probably after sex. She would have been surprised, and she would have been shy and happy about it at the same time. He washed the paint of his eyes and took a quick look at his face. The fatigue was readable on his face, his eyes were small and red. His tone was too pale for someone who’s supposed to be just a CEO of a billion dollar company. He was exhausted but he knew the good time will come and soon. He got out of the bathroom and went to Felicity.

“You ready?” he asked her.

“In couples of minutes, just the time to shut down the computer and get my stuff!” she answered.

“Okay.” Oliver said. While he watched her doing her stuff, he imagined his life in couples of months. If everything goes by his plan the way he wanted, he could be waking up to a nice smell of coffee and to a blond woman half naked in front of him. He could imagine everything, the colors of their bedroom, the furniture, the bed sheets and the smell. He really wants it to become true as much as possible.

“I’m done!” said Felicity with a smile, cutting him in his thoughts.

“Cool, we’re taking the car. Your stuffs are already in the apartment. I asked Raisa if she could call the movers to move them there.”He explained.

“Oh! Thanks. That’s nice of you not that you are not nice or anything else. In fact, you are very, very nice, even in bed. I mean when you tied the ropes around my wrist you were very gentle… gosh, I’m doing it, again right?” she said, her face burning.

“Yes, but it's fine! I like it, very much.” Oliver said, stopping in the middle of the stairs.
“Right, you do like that! Me being uncomfortable… after all you are a dominant.” She said, looking everywhere except at Oliver.

“Yes, I’m a dominant, and I love it when you are like this. All shy for me.” He said before kissing her shoulder.

“That feels incredibly good! It should be forbidden…” she said, moaning just at the touch of his lips and her naked shoulder.

“Forbidden? I take that as a good thing… Do you want something more forbidden?” he asked her.

“… Yes!” she said after hesitating a little bit.

“What about this?” he said before he slide his hand under her skirt.

“Oh goodness!” the feeling she had when his cold hand land on her bare skin was unimaginable. The shivers running through her spine.

“You like that?” Oliver asked.

“…” Besides giving moans as answers, she couldn’t do anything else. His hand was now giving her a nice massage on her pussy.

“Answer me Felicity, or else you’ll be punished.” He said looking right at her eyes.

“I… I like it!” she barely said.

“Good, and now?” he said.

“Oh god!” she said when he entered two fingers in her.

“Answer me, and you’ll have only ten spanks.” He stated.

“I love it, Oliver…” she said.

“I want you to look at me when you cum!” he said, speeding his moves inside her.

“Oliver…” she moaned.

“Look at me, Felicity” he said. She turned her head just before she came.

She felt the explosion of warmth in her belly. Her legs lightly shaking from the blast. She looked at Oliver’s eyes, waiting for an answer. The only thing he did was to kiss her. He kissed her as a thank you for the trust she had for him, he kissed her for the moment she just gave him.

“I love it when you are like this, all burning and shining…” Oliver stated, stroking her cheek and leading the way to the car.

He opened the door for Felicity and she climbed in the fancy car. She was not surprised to see that Oliver had no driver. On the contrary, it will be weird. He would have to explain, at some time, why he spend all of his night in the basement of his club or worse, the driver could testify against him if one day his secret identity was to become public knowledge. The drive to his apartment was quiet, just some normal exchange about their days and what they were going to eat. At this time of the night, the streets were empty, allowing Oliver to drive quickly. After all, more is the time they spent outside more are the chances to Felicity to be attacked. It was around midnight when they arrived to Oliver’s place. She expected it to be a huge penthouse at the top of a building but instead it was a
normal, not so normal for a bachelor like Oliver, a 5 BHR. (Maybe spell this out instead of abbreviation it) The decor and furniture was in a factory style. Modern but not too modern. Few pictures of his family, friends hanging on the wall but one caught her eyes. It was a picture of them, probably taken by a photographer in one several ball the Queen Mansion gave. She wore a deep blue dress and her hair were arranged in a sophisticated ponytail, letting her thin neck appear. She remembered the moment when they took this picture. Oliver dragged her in front of the cameras pretending it's for the media so she followed him. She never noticed he wasn't looking at the camera but at her. He was breathtaking with his black tuxedo, nothing to fancy. He looked messy and polished in the same time. His 3 day old beard, his half smile and the look of his eyes. She'll happily spent all of her time looking into those blue eyes. They were saying thousands of things he would never dare to talk about. She loved the picture and seeing it hanging on the wall next to his mother and sister pictures from the Christmas gala meant a lot to her.

“I love it!” she whispered.

“What?” Oliver asked.

“The picture, I love it. As well as your apartment. Tells so much about you!” she said looking all around her.

“I love it too…” he stated without being too specific.

“Hum… my… my feet hurts. I need a good bath. Where’s the bathroom?” she quickly said, feeling ashamed despite what Oliver already told her.

“Come with me.” He said.

He showed her the way to the bathroom which was down a long corridor. He opened the door and entered in the room. The bathroom was very different from the living room and the corridor. The atmosphere was so quiet and peaceful. She loved the mix of red and wood. The bath tub or more like a mini pool is in the middle of the room inlaid in the floor surrounded by candles. Plants and flowers were everywhere inside the room. The view from the bathroom was on the Glades’ lake and with the night light, it felt amazing.

“I…This is amazing!” she said mesmerized by the room.

“Thank you. Turn to the wall over there.” He said, pointing the wall in the opposite of the window.

She turned to the wall and was surprised when she felt Oliver's hand going through her hair and going down to reach the zip of her dress. He slowly unzipped her dress letting her naked back out for his kisses. She had shivers every time she felt Oliver's lips on her. The dress fell on the floor along with her thong. She was naked with only her heels on and her gold necklace.

"Turn around, Felicity." Said Oliver.

She did what he said and looked at the floor, feeling shy of her lack of clothes. He put his hand on her belly and glided up to the space between her breast and higher till he reached her face that he pulled up.

"Undress me." He said.

Her hands were shaking as they grabbed the bottom of his t-shirt and pulled it off. She throw it on the floor and looked at his bare chest. She loved this part of his body were history write itself. She loved each scar, she loved each tattoo he had. She let her hand caress the fresh pink skin of each scar before the kissing the first scar ever. The one he got when he arrived at Lian Yu. While kissing his
torso, her hands were going to his belt, slowly playing with him. She got the belt out of its place, then her hand unbutton his blue jean before grabbing his cock. He wasn't expecting this move of hers, but that amused him.

"Felicity?" He asked with an amused tone.

"Yes?" "I've only said: undress me." He said while getting her hand out of his man part.

"Sorry! I... I just thought..." She said, her cheeks burning her.

"I'm still half dressed." He stated. Felicity felt so stupid even though she had no reason to feel so. She got him out of his blue jean and his boxer. He was naked right in front of her. Her eyes kept looking everywhere excluding his cock. He looked at her and genuinely smiled. Oliver bent his head, going to kiss her, but instead he lifted her from the ground and entered the bath. She hadn't even noticed him turn the water on. He sat her in front of him. The hot water felt good on her skin and relaxed her immediately.

"That feels so good" she said. Oliver looked at her, he wanted her so much and was thankful for every moment he had with her.

Couples of months ago, when they first met Barry Allen, he swore to god he would make her his. He felt so jealous of Barry and also envious, because of the normal life Barry led. He thought, first that leading a life like his, full of fights, of insecurity would part away love and friendship, then he learned from Diggle that everything shouldn’t be the mess he thought it could be. He wanted to introduce Felicity to his world slowly but she discovered everything and, deep inside, he was relieved.

“You look amazing…” he said.

“Thank you. But you are the one who’s wet and hot!” she said.

“Indeed I am!” he said, kneeling in front of her.

“I didn’t… I didn’t mean that… Not that you are not hot or wet but not in the way it sounded… because you are hot and wet… I’m making a fool of myself.” She said looking everywhere.

Oliver grabbed her chin and kissed her full lips. The kiss was burning them deep inside. It was the kind of kiss you want to never stop, never. The one which kept you breathless even after you ended it, the one which made your hairs stand up, and the one which you want to consume you forever. He moved his mouth to her jaw, biting it. Her neck was one of his favorite parts of her. He kissed, bit, stroked, and sucked every part he could of her neck. One of Oliver’s hand was on her pussy, stroking the little pink ball full of nerves. She was moaning, her hand firmly gripping the bath rim.

“Oliver!” she said.

“What, love?” “I… I. let me please you…” she said.

He kept his mouth shut, too much surprised to answer something. Felicity start to touch him, stroking his torso. Her caresses felt like heaven. She kissed his first scar, the one Yao Fei did to him. Then his Bravta tattoo. She spend time on his torso, doing everything he did to neck. Slowly her hand get down to his thigh, massaging it. She took her bravery in full hand and went to his cock. At first, she was really surprise to find his hard.

“Don’t be surprise if I’m hard for you.” he said kissing her.
She took his cock in her hand and nicely start the massage, but soon she wanted more. Being in the bathtub didn’t allow her to do everything she wanted.

“How many times will I have to tell you to not be ashamed of my or yours nudity?” he said.

“It’s…” She was too focus on his cock to speak, which Oliver noticed and made him smile.

“It’s not something that I do every day, you know, walking naked, wet in front of anyone… or seeing someone doing the same.”

“Come on, Felicity… Follow me.” He said, understanding.

He walked to the bedroom as slowly as he could, just to tease her. He waited couples of second before she was next to him. He quickly turned to her and crashed his lips on hers, looking desperately her heat.

“Fuck!!” he swore.

To be continued...
Chapter Fourteen

CHAPTER 14

“Come on, Felicity… Follow me.” He said, understanding.

He walked to the bedroom as slowly as he could, just to tease her. Oliver waited couple of seconds before she was next to him. He quickly turned to Felicity and crashed his lips on hers, looking desperately for her heat.

“Oliver?” said a feminine voice.

“Fuck!!” he swore.

5 minutes earlier

A woman entered the building. She was tall, probably a model or actress, her dark hair were shining like diamonds. Her skin appeared to be as white as milk. She walked to the elevator, like magic, the doors opened in front of her. She hasn’t even push the button. That made her smile. Her lips were full but not gross to see. The perfect size. She painted them with a dark red lipstick. Her hat hid her crystal blue eyes rounded with long and dark lashes. Her skin, perfect as usual, rose a little bit because of the warmth of the elevator. A few seconds later she arrived to the floor she wanted, walked to the door she wanted and was very surprised to find it open. It wasn’t like the door was widely open, but still, she knew it wasn’t the style of Oliver.

She took out her gun, which was hidden under her camisole and entered the apartment. At first it was all calm, no noises. She started to suspect the intruder was just here to steal some stuff. She called out for Oliver, thinking it will make the thief stress and leave. She called out for Oliver a second time hearing the thief moving fast, but it sounded like they were two not the one person.

“I’m coming!” she heard. So apparently Oliver was here. In that case she put her gun back under her camisole.

“Take your time, I’ll be in the living room” she said. She walked to the wall where most of Oliver personal photos were hung.

“Always looking to this one, huh?” he asked.

“What do you want me to say, I’m dying to meet her!” she answered.

“I’m glad to see you Sandra! Where’s Connor?” asked Oliver, giving her a quick hug.

“He’s with his father. Well, you know what I mean. His dad…” she said, feeling a little bit awkward.

“Yes, I do know what you mean. How did you get in by the way?” he asked, always seeking answers.
“Your doorman. He recognized me. I guess he really likes me. Anyway, are you alone?” she asked.

“Not really, no. I’m with someone.” He said. “Felicity? Would you come please?”

“Right away, just one sec!” she said trying to put her left shoe back on her.

“Felicity meets Sandra, Sandra meets Felicity, my girlfriend.” He stated.

“Oh, hi! It’s nice to see you with a nice girl, Oliver!” she joked.

“Nice to meet you, Sandra. So how did you guys meet?” she asked.

 “… Er, it was a long time ago. We were kind of dating… and we share a common thing together.” Said Sandra, feeling a little bit out of space.

“Oh really, what kind is “kind of dating”??” she said, laughing. “It’s nice to meet someone who actually shares something with Oliver! What kind of things do you, guys, like?” she asked.

“Er… Connor. Connor is the kind of thing, we like.” Oliver said.

“Who’s Co… Connor?” she asked, with a bad feeling in her guts.

“He’s our son.” Sandra said.

“Your son?! As you two slept together, she got pregnant and gave birth to your first child… who happen to be a boy… I need a drink… or a bottle!” she said leaving them and whispering the last part.

“She took it better than Laurel…” said Sandra, feeling a little sorry for him.

“I’ll talk to her later. So what brings you here?” he asked.

“In a couple of weeks, it’s going to be Connor’s 10th birthday and I would like you to come. He’s always asking about you. He wants to see you again, he thinks your cool.” She simply explained.

“I’m cool!” he stated.

“Yes, you are! Anyway, are you coming?” she asked.

“Of course, I’m coming! I would never miss it!” he said.

“Cool, I guess I’ll be going. You need to talk to her, believe me.” Said Sandra half laughing, half serious.

“Right, I’ll do that. Bye!” he said, following her with his gaze till she disappeared into the elevator.

“Love? Where are you?” Oliver asked nicely. Explaining the hows and whys of the birth of his child is going to be hard.

“Here, at your b… bar!” she said, hiccups cutting her words.

“Don’t tell me you’re drunk?!?” he said.

“Well, no… no I’m not. I mean, yes!!! I’m to… totally drunk.” She said, trying to stand up. “Why do you keep whisky? Is it some kind of standards in the elite world? Because, if it is, well it is not hot! Do I make sense?”
Oliver tried to help her, but she refused his help.

“I think, it’s a bit too late for the nice stuff, Mr Queen! BUT! HUGE BUT… you can go back to Sandra!” she said, emptying the last drops of the whisky bottle.

“Alright, Felicity, you’re getting my patience tested… Let me put you to bed. You obviously need it.” said Oliver. He tried as hard as he could to keep a calm voice, but let’s face it, he was mad. Mad to see Felicity this way.

“Back off, Oliver. You’re not touching me tonight or any other day soon. I can’t fucking believe it! You have a child, Oliver. A fucking child!” she yelled at him.

“YES AND WHAT!?” he yelled back at her. He was going to regret it so bad, but if it could calm her.

“You dare say what to me? Oh my god, you don’t know how much I want to smash your perfect face!!!!” she said. The whisky was off her brain, she was talking from the bottom of her heart. She never felt so disappointed at someone.

“Well, do it! Yell at me, smash my “perfect” face, punch me, do whatever you want but don’t look at me like that. Connor is a part of my life that I want to keep no matter what.” He explained.

“It’s not Connor the problem! Gosh, no, never!! I already love him because he is an extension of you. I’m so disappointed because after every fucking thing we lived together as a team, as a friend and –sorry if I’m reading too much into this- as a couple, you never thought about telling me. It’s been 3 years Oliver. 3 God Damn Years!!! I don’t ask you to tell me everything but don’t you think this is a major news! You could just have told me you have a child and even though he is not living with you, you really care about him so this is why you don’t really talk about him because you want him to stay hidden, protected! I WOULD HAVE UNDERSTAND IT, FOR GOD’S SAKE! I WOULD HAVE HELPED YOU WITH EVERYTHING!” she yelled, crying. Her nerves finally breaking. She had enough drama in the last couple of weeks to last at least a whole year.

“I’m so sorry. I… I…” he never ended his sentence because he was cut by Felicity.

“I’m tired, Oliver. I want to go home.” She stated.

“You’re home.”

“No, I want to go to my place” she said. She started to grab her stuff when she noticed Oliver doing the same. “You don’t get it Oliver, I want to go home, alone. I need to be alone and maybe away from… this.” She said.

“You can’t stay alone. It’s too dangerous. Those guys are still after you. Please stay here, or let me come with you.” He begged. It wasn’t in Oliver’s nature to beg, he usually take and go.

“Oliver, you don’t seem to get it… I don’t care. I Want. To. Stay. Alone. Home.” She said, leaving the apartment.

Felicity walked out of the building. It was chilly and she only wore a trench coat and a dress. She walked to the edges of the pavement and waved her arm for a cab. One came close to her but at the last minute speed up. She waved for another, and another. No cab stopped for her. She wanted to cry, and she needed ice cream and wine, especially wine. She was tired of this drama. She waved for a cab, and this time, the driver seemed to be nice enough to take her but she never saw the cab coming. Everything became black before. All she heard was someone yelling her name.
Oliver was mad, he followed Felicity after she left the loft, just for his sake and he was right. He noticed how weird the fact that no cabs stopped for her. So he decided to call for one. He stayed behind her, he just wanted her to make it home safe but his guts told him otherwise. Oliver kept following her for few blocks before noticing the cab he called. There is a thing everyone knows about Oliver, at least everyone who knew his hidden identity, is that Oliver’s gut feelings were never wrong, no matter what and this time was no exception to it. Before Felicity even got a chance to climb into the cab, a black van with no license plate stopped in front of her. She had no chance to think about the situation twice because she was shot with a tranquilizer dart, falling directly in the arms of her kidnappers. When Oliver noticed the black van, he called out for Felicity but it was way too late. He run after her and the van but it was useless. She was gone and he had no idea where and most importantly with who.

He texted John. “Meet me at the Foundry, Felicity was kidnapped. ASAP!” Oliver didn’t wait for a reply, he knew his friend, his best friend would be there at the time he arrives at the lair. He run back to his place to get his motorbike, the only way in this city to get to his club within 20 mins.

“What do you mean, she was kidnapped? I thought she was at your place, Oliver!” said John, not even bothering to look at Oliver and furiously tapping at the keyboard.

“She was! Until she wanted to go home. She was kidnapped on Adam’s Ave. in front of a dinner called “Tom’s Happy Place”. He said getting his bow out of the box.

“What happened?” asked Diggle.

“We… We had a fight, well she was angry with me…She said she needed to be home, that she had enough drama…” he explained.

“Felicity, that angry?! What have you done?!!”

“She learned the hard way that I have a son…” said Oliver.

“You never told her?! I thought she knew! From the beginning!”

“No, she didn’t know. What do you have, John?” Said Oliver, cutting the conversation.

“The van appeared on the 27th Street. Two man on the sits, no particular sign. I followed them on the city’s cctv but I’m losing them.” Said Diggle.

“Okay, keep following them as long as you can. I’m going. Where’s the last time you’ve seen the van?” he said, through his earpiece, leaving the club.

“On the Glades’ Bridge. They are living the city, Oliver. I can’t follow them past the bridge, there’s no cctv there. Come back! We need to figure it out!! “Said Diggle, with disappointment in his voice.

Meanwhile, in the van.
“We got her!!! Oh my god!!! Finally! I really need her tech power to overcome the “FMI” security system!!!” said a male voice.

“Yes, she better not wake up before we arrive or she will hunt us down and I want to enjoy my share of money.” Said a female voice.

“Don’t worry Sandra, as soon as we get our money and the market expend, we’re going to Cuba. No extradition and no one to judge us. It’ll be perfect, you, Connor and I.” said the male voice.

“I trust you, Dave I trust you…” said Sandra.

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**Hours later**

Felicity heard a buzzing noise that woke her up but she couldn’t open her eyes. She was blindfolded and it was almost covering her nose. Her head was banging hard as if she was having the worst hangover ever. She knew she was sat on a chair and when she tried to move her hand she felt the ropes burning her skin. She knew she was in big trouble.

“Whoever you are, I don’t care, you are going to be in big big troubles!” she said, with a low voice. She was thirsty.

All she could hear and recognize was some liquid dropping on some kind of steel and the sound of planes.

“You’re gonna have to give me water and tell me why you kidnapped me soon, because otherwise you better kill me right now!!! I’m no value to anyone…” she said.

“Well, well. The little bird woke up” said a robotized voice.

“Who are you? Where are we? What do you want of me? Why am I on you shitty deadpool? TELL ME!” said Felicity.

“Calm down, little bird. First we are going to take the blindfold off and then we will see!” answered the robotized voice.

Felicity felt two strong hands near her head and couldn’t help the shivers. When she felt the blindfold off, she opened slowly her eyes but as soon as the heavy lights hit her she closed them. It took her few seconds to a minute to get her eyes adjusted to the lighting. She couldn’t see a thing and a soul. The guy who took off the blindfold was nowhere. All she could see was a screen with a continue line.

“What the hell is this…” she said.

“Well, Felicity Smoak, it’s very nice of you to show presence and support to our cause. Once you finished what we are going to give you as your task, you’ll be able to walk free but you’ll have no memory of this.” The robotized voice said which came out of the monitor.

“Right, nice of me… You cannot call kidnapping “nice of you to show presence” otherwise you have some serious and demented problem to deal with.” Said Felicity with her most sarcastic voice.

“The rumors were true! You are fierce and also unaware of the dangers in front of you.”
“What danger?! Please, last time a robotized voice talked to me it was my ex trying to destroy my city… and where is he now, in Iron Highs!” she said, half laughing.

“Oh Felicity Smoak… You are a nice girl but sometimes you should keep it down.” Said the robotized voice.

As the robot finished talking a gun shot was heard. Felicity screamed her heart out and when she felt the burning sensation on her left arm, she knew. She knew she was in deep trouble.

“See, this silence, is the silence everyone needs. Your sarcasm are not needed. Keep it down and talk only when needed otherwise an another hole could be formed in you…” said the robotized voice.

So much time has passed since last chapter. I cannot be sorry enough. I found myself very occupied this past few months. Also, please keep in mind that English is not my mother tongue and I have no beta since I’m not posting frequently.

I’m gonna try something, like posting shorter chapters but more often… hope this works.

Okay, love to everyone. And sorry, again!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!